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DEVOTED TO

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AND THE

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THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME VII.—MARCH, 1869.—No. III.

ZOOLOGICAL, ANATOMICAL, AND THEOLOGICAL* PROOFS OF THE PLURALITY OF HUMAN SPECIES.

THE Rev. Dr. Bacon, in his sermon on the "Unity of the Human Races," relies almost exclusively upon the following passage of Scripture:

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men."—Acts xvii. : 26.

But if this text be taken literally, it proves far too much for the advocates of human unity, for it would prove that the negro does not belong to the human race, as his blood is a

very different thing from the crimson fluid that courses in the veins of the white man. It is not only of a darker color, but is chemically a different fluid, as has been shown by unquestioned authority in our first lecture on the plurality of human origins.

But the truth is, that the word "*blood*" (*aimatos*) is not found at all in the most ancient manuscripts of the Greek Testament. That of Tischendorf has generally been looked upon with the greatest favor by learned scholars and theologists; and in this Greek text the word *aimatos*, or blood, does not occur. Nor does it occur in the ancient manuscript used by Clemens Alexandrinus, from Anno Domini 124 to 217. Nor is this word *aimatos*, blood, to be found in the *Codex Vaticanus*,

* About three years ago, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., Professor of Theology in Yale College, preached a sermon in New Haven on "The Unity of the Human Race," which was generally understood to be an answer designed, in some respects, to our lectures on "The Races of Men." At the request of several scientific and political friends in New Haven, we replied to Dr. Bacon's sermon in Music Hall of that city. This article is a part of that reply.—C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

in the *Coptic*, or the *Vulgate*. It seems strange that a man of Dr. Bacon's reputed learning should be unaware of this vital fact. It completely vitiates his whole argument for the unity theory, so far as he based it upon this text.

Out of six translations of the Greek Testament in our possession, the word *blood* occurs in but two, viz.: in that of King James, our received version, and in Martin's French translation of 1837.

It has, we believe, never occurred in any Catholic translation since the time of St. Jerome. The common English Catholic translation reads: "And hath made of one all mankind." The common French translation reads, in English, "And hath made of one all races of men." The Latin Vulgate reads: "*Facitque ex uno omne genus hominum;*" i. e., "Hath made of one genus all races of men."

This is precisely the ground assumed in our lectures. All mankind form *one* genus, but *many* races or species. In all the animal kingdom there is no instance of a genus with a single species; nor can we, by any means, concede that this text in Acts teaches an exception to this universal rule.

Wycliff's translation, made in 1380, reads: "And made of one all kind of men to inhabit on all the face of the earth."

We could multiply examples of this kind in which there is no such word as *blood* in the text of Acts; but enough have been given to show that the passage cannot be used as proof of Dr. Bacon's position against the plurality of human species. The preponderance of evidence is largely against him. To

say the least, the word *blood* is of such doubtful authenticity that it is no proof.

But even if it were in the original text, we do not perceive that it would afford the least evidence against the plurality of human species. The subject of Paul's discourse was not the unity of human species, but the unity of the Godhead, in opposition to the Athenian superstition of the plurality of gods, for they believed in gods many. So numerous were their deities, or their idols, that Petronius, in ridicule, makes the priestess of Priapus exclaim, that "It is easier to find a god than a man." ("*Facilius porsis Deum quam hominum invenire.*") It was against this gross polytheistic superstition that Paul directed his great discourse at Mars' Hill. His bold commencement was—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive in all things ye are too superstitious." That was a sweeping censure! "In *all things* ye are too superstitious." Now, the reverend clergy know very well that among the chief superstitions of these Athenians was a belief in the unity of the origin of different races; that is, they believed that all the different races of men sprang from one human pair. That first pair, they thought, originated in Greece, and so they boasted of being the fathers of all mankind. Lucian ridicules this Athenian pride, when he says, "The Athenians declare that the first man sprang up in Attica like radishes."

In opposition to this superstition, Paul tells them that "God made the world and all things therein; and hath made of one all the races of men." The expression *one-all* is a Greekism, and means the harmony

of varieties, or the *oneness* of many different parts in making the totality of creation. We have a similar expression in Proclus, the student of Plato, where he says: "For every intellect is *one-many*, both in its existence and its intellection." In the same sense we may say the whole creation is *one-many*. So the genus man is *one-many*; that is, many species in one genus. Paul says that God "hath appointed the bounds of their habitation;" that is, adapted all races to the zones of their creation and habitation.

This is by no means an imperfect statement of the grand truth of anthropological science, that all the different races of men were created in the great zoological centres where they are found, and to which they are specifically adapted, or, as Paul calls it, "appointed," by creation.

What else is the meaning of the words, "God hath appointed the bounds of their habitation?" The black African is, in his whole organism, as specifically adapted to the burning zone as the Eskimo is to the frozen regions. As St. Paul has it, "God hath appointed the bounds (or limit) of their habitation." He has created each with a different organization—with a different brain and blood even—for the purpose of adapting them to the very different zones to which they are indigenous. If the brain, or blood, or skin of the Eskimo were chemically the same as that of the negro, he would inevitably freeze up and perish in "the bounds" to which God "hath appointed" him. God has no more made all races of men of one blood than He has made them all of one skin; no more than

He has made all animals of one hair, or all birds of one feather.

What Paul said to the Athenians was, simply, that God is the creator of all nations—of all races of men. All these nations did not, as the Athenian superstition taught, diverge from one pair which sprang up in Attica, but they were all distinct creations of the Almighty. In this broad sense His whole creation is *one*. The *oneness*, in the sense of the apostle, embraces "all things," all races of men, and all species of animals; but Paul teaches that every race has been "appointed;" i. e., is specifically adapted by creation to its own bounds or zone.

This is precisely the doctrine assumed in our lectures. If it were necessary to summon the proof of Scripture, in support of scientific facts, there is no text that we should sooner quote than this speech of Paul's at Mars' Hill to sustain the grand doctrine of human plurality. It as distinctly teaches the *plurality of races* as it does the *unity of creation*. The whole creation is a *unit* in its divine origin; but it is composed of innumerable *pluralities*. The hippopotamus and the walrus are *one* in their origin, as belonging to God's creation, but they are distinct and very different creatures, being specifically adapted by creation to different zones. And the difference between the Eskimo and the negro is quite as great as that between the walrus and the hippopotamus. How long could the polar bear live in tropical Africa? About as long as the Eskimo could survive in that country. Imagine the white bear or the manita traversing the burning zone! It is

not too much for us to assume that, had the distinguished professor of theology in Yale College listened to our lectures on this subject, he would have been convinced that all the different types of animals are specifically adapted by creation, and not by accident, to their own zoological boundaries. When the Spaniards landed in this country they did not find a single animal they were acquainted with. There was not a single quadruped here, known to either Asia, Africa, or Europe. And the type of man found here (the red Indian), was just as distinct and different from any other type of man known on the surface of the whole globe as all the rest of the animal kingdom. To say that this specific difference in the type of creation was the work of climate, or of any other accidental cause, is to tear the idea of God out of the universe, and to reduce the creation to the blind level of a pantheistic physical agency. If the difference between the Spaniard and the red Indian was the work of climate, the difference between the anthropoid apes and the negro may be the work of climate, and thus the correct name for God would be *climate*! If the climate of Labrador produced the specific character of the white bear and the Eskimo, and the climate of Africa gave birth to the characteristics of the hippopotamus and the negro, then the learned theological professor of Yale must reform his doctrines of *theism* altogether. The European has been settled in this country for nearly three hundred years, and yet climate has not begun to change him into a red Indian. It is estimated that not less than

five hundred millions of white men have lived in Africa within the period of five thousand years, and yet, in all that time, climate has never made even a beginning of its great work of changing white men into negroes. Verily, *climate* is a lazy god! We know that he must have been asleep now for at least five thousand years, because in all that time no change has taken place in the physical types of men. Nor, indeed, in the moral and mental types of men. Those who were savages four or five thousand years ago are savages still. Five thousand years have made no more change in the negro's character than they have in his skin. His nature is as permanent as the color of his body, the shape of his bones, or the chemistry of his blood. The light of the white man's civilization has shown over and all around his indigenous abode for three thousand years, at least, without leaving a single ray to brighten the natural darkness of his nature. God no more created him to fill the place of a white man than He did the ass to fill the place of the Arabian horse. The Almighty Maker of all things has imparted different natures, different capacities, and powers to different races of men, just as He has to different species of animals in the lower kingdom of nature. Dr. Bacon's discourse against the plurality of human origins, does not attempt to refute a single item of the vast amount of evidence on this subject presented in our lectures. And those who listened to these lectures will, we think, concede that the account of the creation in the Book of Genesis is as harmonious

with this great truth of anthropological science as we have shown the text in Acts to be.

On the subject of the negro's anatomy and physiology, Dr. Bacon is far at sea, in a dense fog. Had he listened to our lecture on the anatomy of the white man and the negro, it seems impossible to believe that he would ever have ventured upon the following declaration:—"Men have the same blood, the same flesh, the same nerves."

In that lecture we pointed out over a hundred and twenty specific differences between the osseous, muscular and nervous systems of the white man and the negro. Indeed, their frames are not precisely alike in one particular. The negro's anatomy, and his whole physical system, differs quite as much from that of the white man on the one side as it does from that of the anthropoid apes on the other. We challenge contradiction to the statement that there is not in the negro's body a single bone that is relatively of the same size, shape, articulation or composition as that of the white man. So different is his whole osseous system that, in a million of cases, his skeleton could never be mistaken for the skeleton of a white man.

If Dr. Bacon can believe that the *tibia*, the *fibula*, the *ossa-femoris*, the *os calcis* or the *os sacrum* in the negro's anatomy, is the work of climate, we wonder that he does not "remove mountains" with such a tremendous faith. Perhaps it is climate, or some other accident, that gave the superabundance of *calcareous salts* to the negro's bones! On to what desolate shore did you drift, O atheistic divine?

Then the muscular and nervous systems of the negro are as distinctly different from those of the white man as his bony system. Indeed, he is not physically the same being in any particular. We will repeat here what was proved by our anatomical charts, viz.: that in no part of the negro's frame does he more resemble the white man than he does the highest species of apes. Physiologically, the highest species of ape has not much further to go to become the equal of the negro than the negro has to become the equal of the white man. It is an easy matter for prejudice and ignorance to sneer at a fact so contradictory of the darling follies of fanaticism. But there stand the eternal proofs of science. So different are the physical systems of these two races that their diseases are, in many cases, different, and require different treatment. Many diseases which afflict and kill the white race are never known among the negroes. The negro is almost entirely exempt from the legion list of nervous diseases which torture the white race; a fact which is accounted for by the peculiarity of the negro's nervous system.

Kindred to the monstrous mistake about the equality of religious capacity in the white and black man, is the assertion of Dr. Bacon, that "the difference between the average brain of different races is not so great as often exists between people of the same nation."

The Professor of Theology in Yale College certainly ought to know that this assertion is contradicted by the universal testimony of all learned and competent authority. The scientific researches of Drs.

Morton and Meigs have forever settled this question. Their comparisons were made from more than a thousand crania, representing not less than one hundred and fifty different nations, races and tribes of men.

Dr. Meigs lays down this proposition: "In the human brain we find those characteristics which particularly distinguish man from the brute creation. The difference between the various races of men are fundamental differences in intellectual capacity, as well as in physical conformation. In the size of the head and face, and their mutual relations, we find the best indications of those mental and animal differences which, under all circumstances, and from anti-historic time, have manifested themselves as the dividing line between the races of men. * * * I have not been able to find a single aboriginal American type of skull which, in all its essential details, could be regarded as strictly identical with any in Europe, Asia, Africa or Australia."

We have then this eminent authority to show that the difference between the skulls of the different races of men are so great that the typical race can be determined by the skull alone. The average difference between the internal measurement of the brain-chamber of a white man and a negro is *twelve cubic inches*. The differences between the convolutions and between the anterior and posterior lobes of the white man's and the negro's brain are still more marked than the differences in the size of the cranium.

In a number of Professor Silli-

man's Journal there is an article on "THE STRUCTURE OF THE BRAIN OF MEN AND MONKEYS," which ought not to have been overlooked by Dr. Bacon, as he and Professor Silliman are associate Professors in Yale College. In this article there is a statement of the researches of Gratiolet and Tiedman, from which, "Huxley thinks the anterior development of the brain to be less in the lower races of men than is common with Europeans, and, therefore, that the differences between the European and the Bushman's brains are of the same kind and degree as those between the Bushman and orang brains."

"Among the human races the Bushman brain has very simple gyrations, and the anterior lobes have a simplicity never seen normally in white races."*

In the same article the average breadth of the negro's brain is given at 128, while the white man's is put at 131. The average height of the negro's brain is stated to be 115, while that of the white man is 125. This fact alone proves a vast difference between the brain of the white man and negro.

It is now several years since Dr. Gliddon delivered the following challenge: "Can any one call the name of a full-blooded negro who has ever written a page worthy of being remembered?"

Until that challenge is fairly met, the Abolitionists should, we think, be modest in their claims of negro equality. The stationary or unprogressive character of the negro's mind is proved by the fact that he is no more advanced now than he

* Silliman's Journal, September, 1862.

was four or five thousand years ago, or at the beginning of the historic period. He has been as stationary as the apes.

But when Dr. Bacon calls the negro "a degraded man," he oversteps the bounds of justice and truth. How can he be called *degraded*, who has maintained his own type, without alteration, for five thousand years? In our lectures we have given indisputable proofs that the negro has done so. To become *degraded* is to step back, or go down. But the negro has never, as a race, stepped back or gone down. He has neither gone backwards nor forwards. He was never anything else than what he now is, and his history proves that he is incapable of being anything else. He is just what God made him—neither higher nor lower. He fills the circle of his being as truly as Dr. Bacon does his. To call him "degraded" is to put a gratuitous insult upon him. Is the owl a degraded bird because it is not an eagle? Is it not an atheistic spirit which pronounces any type of God's creation *degraded*?

But even Dr. Bacon tells us that "the donkey is not a degraded beast." Why does he throw a contempt upon God's human creation, which he spares the beasts? Why does he put an epithet of scorn upon the negro which he refuses to the donkey? This is the learned divine who would have us believe that he was sent into this world for no other purpose than to champion the cause of negroes? The negro type of man is as permanent as the donkey type of animals. Nor is this type of man, as Dr. Bacon claims, degraded by sustaining the relation of *subgen* or *servant* to a

superior race. And the reason is that such is the natural, and the only just and benevolent relation between a specifically superior and inferior race, like that of the white man and negro. It is the only relation that has ever preserved the rights and the happiness of the negro, whenever and wherever he has been brought in contact with the white race. It is not an oppression of the negro when he is held as the *subgen* of the white man, any more than it is an oppression to the child to be held and guided, and restrained, and compelled to work by the father or the guardian. The negro, in his best estate, is a *child-man*, and left to himself in a community of white men, he as speedily goes to destruction, as the child does, without the hand of restraint. The mental powers of the negro, whatever they may be, are nearly matured at the age of puberty. His capacity for mental expansion ends at about the point where that of the white race begins. The negro child, from birth to the age of puberty, is generally in advance of the white child of that age for smartness. But here the negro stops, and the white race goes on. It takes nearly as many years to ripen the mental powers of the white man as it does months to ripen those of the negro. In this rapidity, and sudden termination of the mental growth, the negro resembles the man-like apes more than he does the white race. The young chimpanzee runs alone in a few days, and the young negro in a few weeks after its birth; whereas it takes many months for the white child to get strength to walk.

Now, this child-man is in his na-

tural place when he is held, restrained, and directed by the superior race. In a community of white men he is naturally and necessarily a *subgen*. You can no more alter this relation than you can change the poles. You can change the name, but you cannot overcome the principle or fact of the *subgeneration* of a specifically inferior to a superior race. We now call the southern negroes "freedmen," but they are not so free, because they are not so well provided for, according to the demands of their nature, as they were before the stupendous crime of what is called "emancipating" them. If the "right to life and the pursuit of happiness" be the chief element to liberty, as set forth in our Declaration of Independence, then we have terribly enslaved the negro by "emancipating" him. More than a million of them have already lost their lives by this atrocious nickname which they call "negro freedom." We have simply freed them to death. Perhaps it may be a clerical virtue to rejoice at such a piece of cruelty, but the statesman has reason to hide his head for shame at the bare mention of it.

Then, if the "right to pursue happiness" be a chief element of liberty, we have robbed the negro of this right by placing happiness forever beyond his reach, and by forcing him into a competition and conflict to which his childish powers are unequal, and in which he falls inevitably into want and misery. Liberty means the right of the just and utmost enjoyment of all our faculties. To force a specifically inferior race to bear the burdens of a superior race, is an act of tyranny and enslavement. As much so, as to force

the child away from the comforts and restraints of home, into an unequal conflict with the selfish rogues of the world. It is mockery to say that we have freed these negroes. We have only taken them from their lawful masters and enslaved them to a *Bureau*. That Bureau contracts for their labor, and flogs them if they refuse to obey the terms. We have simply turned these negroes out from comfortable and peaceful homes, where they were happier and better cared for than any other equal number of negroes on the face of the globe, and have enslaved them to a Bureau of adventurers, sharpers and speculators, under which they are rapidly becoming the most degraded and wretched negro population on earth. There is probably not a negro in the South whose intellect is above that of the chimpanzee, who does not know, and bitterly feel, that his race has been immeasurably cursed by this monstrous despotism called "emancipation." He begins already to comprehend that this treacherous and deceptive "emancipation" was never meant to make him happier, but rather to make him the tool of a political party. Until this cruel "emancipation," he never knew the name of hunger and want. He was "free" to the fullest extent of his nature, that is, of which his race is capable, in connection with the civilization of a superior race. There was no want of his heart, or mind, or body, which was not provided for and protected by law. The measure of his type of manhood was full. But we have cruelly overturned it all and spilled it upon the ground.

The thrilling stories circulated among us of the "cruelty of slave-

holders," were, in almost every instance, the grossest fabrications. To say the least, it was as rare to find a cruel "slaveholder," as it was to find a cruel husband and father in the North. A bad man, whether in the North or South, is simply a *bad man*. There was probably never a time in this country when there were not as many men in the North who abused their wives, as there were men in the South who abused their "slaves." As God liveth, we believe there have been a hundred thousand times more heart aches among the white women of the North, on account of the unkindness of husbands, than there ever were among the negroes of the South on account of the severity of masters. Nor was there ever a tribe of negroes in all Africa so well cared for, so happy, contented and free as the so-called "slaves" of the South were before "emancipation"—we will say, before the shame and cruelty, and curse of "emancipation!" What a sight have we before our eyes down there now? Why, vast numbers of blacks, who never tasted of the bitter cup of want before, perishing of hunger and exposure, hardly giving any sign of life, except in the feeble muscular heaving beneath a mass of rags, and vermin, and dirt! O! my friends, who dare hope that God will ever forgive us this great, this terrible wrong? Four millions of white boys, of the inexperienced and impract calage of ten and twelve years, turned heartlessly out to shift for themselves, would not be so appalling a sight as this number of negroes forced away from the guardianship of just minded and honorable masters, and thrown helpless upon the senseless mercy of a Bureau of

sneaks and impostors! Did the wrath of God ever frown above such a spectacle as that before? But the farce is not yet ended. These black child-men must be converted into voting machines; not for their own happiness, but, as I have said, for the imagined benefit of a party. The leaders of this party seem to have conceived the idea that the brain of the negro is a *nos*, to be tickled with a straw. The elective franchise is less than a straw to such a race. Since this party came into power, the ballot has been almost valueless, even to the white race, for elections have been carried by bribery, fraud and intimidation. There has not been, for eight years, an old-fashioned and perfectly free election in the United States. The privilege of writing a man's name on a bit of paper, and putting it in a wooden box, is but a very small part of freedom. It is not necessarily any part of it, if that ballot is to be controlled by fraud or intimidation. Of what use is the ballot to a man where a despotism of opinion threatens to crucify him if he dares to vote in opposition to the implacable majority? Of all despotisms on earth, that of public opinion may be considered the most cruel and intolerable.

Let us look back a little through the choking gloom of the last five years, where we have all had what is called the right of franchise, but where the very atmosphere was full of dungeons, and military bastiles for every civilian who dared to have sympathies of his own! Where we have seen honorable citizens, and men who had broken no law, manacled and dragged along through the streets to be plunged into loath-

some, vermin-infested cells, simply because they adhered to the grand principles of self-government established by our forefathers; that is, self-government for other States as well as our own! What do we care for this right to put a piece of paper in a wooden box, if you throw shackles on our mind, and set on public opinion to crucify our soul for its emotions or its sympathies! What do we care for your *paper liberty*, if we must meet at every corner of the street the demon scowl of a million-tongued intolerance!

And this is the kind of liberty which is born of the dungeon-bosoms and foggy-heads of the negro-franchise party. We have looked upon a more comely sort of liberty even among the despotisms of the old world; but we have never read of a more senseless and impudent tyranny, except, it may be, among the wild tribes of Africa. If this is Africa, if it is really negro-land, then we must learn either to endure or to fly from the galling abominations. But if it is America, if it is the land of Washington, and Jefferson, and Hancock; if it is the white man's government established by our fathers, then let us set ourselves to the patriotic task of restoring it to its ancient foundations

of self-government, State-equality, and white supremacy.

The wise and patriotic men who founded this Government did not think it inconsistent with the best good and highest happiness of the negro to hold him as the subgen of the superior white race. Compare the character of those men for intelligence, patriotism, and love of genuine liberty with the leaders of the negro party of the present day, and then say in whose company you prefer to be found? We have made our election. We prefer the company of the founders of this Government to that of the intolerant and malignant madmen who are overthrowing it. And there is no epithet of abuse which has been flung upon us for tenaciously clinging to the old historical landmarks of our country that we do not accept as the highest praise it is possible for men of such principles and conduct to bestow. Nor has the charges of "sympathizing with slavery" any terrors, because we know it is born of an ignorance which is precisely worthy of Africa itself. Misinformation, misrepresentation, and ignorance are the foundation of this Abolition temple. It is a great arsenal of lies.

THE ALBATROSS.

A YACHTING CHRONICLE.

 BY GODOLPHIN.

CHAPTER V.

GO OR STAY.

"I wonder," said Mildmay, meditatively breaking a profound silence which had lasted full three-quarters of a minute, "I wonder when we shall reach Naples?"

"I should say that we will be at anchor in the offing by noon to-morrow," replied Lord Edward, who piqued himself upon being a sailor of the first water. "Eh, Dacre?"

"If the present wind holds fair, by daylight," was the response.

[As it is by no means the intention of thy "chronicler," O reader, to give the "log" of the cruise of the Albatross, but simply a narrative of personal events, all mention has designedly been omitted of the various adventures which attended *la belle* as she ran along the Mediterranean coast, nor has the sternly historic pen been reduced into description even of the brilliant panorama of changing landscapes, the beauty of which enchained the fairer portion of her crew, at least, on deck the greater part of the time. Various were the tarryings in the different ports, while excursions

were made inland by the party; and some rough weather, with a squall or two besides, gave both the ladies and the gallant little craft herself, opportunity for exhibiting a degree of pluck in the face of danger, that quite enchanted their masculine admirers. Villa Cicerone, etc., etc., etc., had received their pilgrim-homage, and reluctantly been left behind; whether most to the relief of the old sailing-master, or to that of Charley Mildmay, it would be difficult to tell. The latter had only left the yacht when compelled by the raillery of his friends to the exertion, and then his grumblings had been so constant, his lamentations so piteous, over every inconvenience and fatigue, that no one regretted his resolution, or endeavored to change it, when he announced his intention at Civita Vecchia of not leaving ship-board again until they reached Naples.]

It was a picturesque group that was gathered beneath the snowy awning on the deck of the Albatross that afternoon, as with the rosy glow of the Italian sunset around them, they drank their after-dinner coffee, while the fresh breeze fan-

ned their faces, filled the rustling canvas overhead, and drove the schooner rapidly over the water.

"Alas! then," said Mrs. Aylmer, who was the central figure of the group—"Alas! this is our last undivided gathering, since to-morrow our delightful party will be broken. Captain Tressillian, I wonder at your cruelty in inflicting such a 'desolation,' as the French say, upon us! Surely at the last moment your courage will fail you!"

"I fear not," he replied gravely, from where he leaned on his elbow, a little apart from the rest, and smoked his chibouque in unusual silence.

"Lord Dacre, can you say nothing to change this perverse resolution?" she asked, turning to their host.

"If you desire it," he answered jestingly, "I will detain Captain Tressillian on board under a strong guard; but I could not possibly have the presumption to attempt any entreaties where your own have failed."

"You see, *mon Capitaine*, your liberty is at my disposal," she said with a gay smile, "but I scorn the possession of the body without the heart, and so, if Miss Deverell likewise fails in persuading you to remain, you must even be suffered to depart. Geraldine, dearest, will you not try your eloquence on the adamant of his will?"

What mocking meaning there was in her eyes, as they met the coldly scornful glance of Miss Deverell, who said in a tone of chilling hauteur, "You must pardon me. I am too unfitted by nature or practice for the *role* you assign me, to be able to influence Captain Tressil-

lian's resolution, even if I could wish for a moment to detain the mind that is sighing for change."

Quickly and distinctly spoken, every word fell on Tressillian's ear, as he eagerly raised himself from his recumbent position to hear them. They sent a warm tint to his brow, and the next moment a throbbing rush in her veins told Geraldine that he was bending by her side.

She, too, was sitting a little apart, abaft by the taffrail, one hand supporting an ivory cheek, which the sunny skies and balmy air of Italy had of late strangely robbed of its roses, and so there was no one near enough to hear the low, passionate whisper breathed in her ear—

"Geraldine, for the last time, I ask one word to decide my fate. Is it go or stay—tell me?"

She was silent. How mightily love cried out—how sternly pride held it down! One minute's sharp struggle, and then the almost inaudible answer—

"Why ask me? You have already decided!"

"Only because I thought it worse than useless to remain here. Say but one word, and the resolution is changed. Geraldine, is it stay?"

Almost the word was spoken, under the influence of these magic tones—that glance, and the outburst of passion so long unheard. But reflection came in time. By a strong effort she curbed herself, and said coldly—

"You seem to forget entirely the grave question unsettled between us. Would your remaining facilitate its arrangement? I think not."

"I only feel—I only remember

that we are parting!—and that all the brightness of life will fade from me with your presence! Geraldine, why not let this question that has caused us so much of misery—why not let it henceforth rest in silence? and, taking up the thread of our love and our hopes where this hated obstacle severed it, forget the dark wretchedness of the interval between, and be as happy in the future as we were in the past?”

“What!—your purpose,” she replied, “is but another name for an entire surrender of what I have a right to demand. The cloak is so transparent, Captain Tressillian, that you need scarcely have troubled yourself to arrange it.”

“You misjudge me now as before,” he answered sadly. “There seems a fate against me. And yet,” he added quickly, “I cannot think that all effort to reconcile our difference would fail if you really loved me, Geraldine.”

“Your well-known modesty should not allow you to doubt the fact,” she replied, with rising color and scornful sarcasm of tone.

“Thank you for the rebuke to my presumption in venturing to press my humble suit upon the future Marchioness of Granby.”

“Enough, Captain Tressillian,” she exclaimed, with an imperial gesture of pride.

“Even so,” he said slowly. “You are right, no doubt. My shipwrecked fortunes are best apart from your sunny future. If you ever remember myself, or the past that is connected with me, let it, I pray you, be kindly. For me, all that I have in the present or the future is the memory of that past. Good-bye.”

His words were low and huskily spoken; but not all the eloquence of all the “lovers at ease,” who have rounded periods, from Pericles down, could have gone to Geraldine Deverell’s haughty heart as they in their simplicity did. Tressillian turned away, without seeing that the beautiful brown eyes were raining a shower of tears beneath her veil. She leaned over the taffrail, and the bright drops fell into the waves beneath—drops as brinly bitter as the flood they mingled with.

There was, Lord Dacre thought, a very disproportioned anxiety in his wife’s face, as she watched the progress of this colloquy, gathering its purport from expression and gesture; and even after it was ended her glance seemed magnetically attached to where Tressillian stood alone, in an attitude of deep despondency. Since the outbreak of his jealousy—the sole one as yet—there had been more than coldness between those two. *He* thought it was her place to offer explanation; *she* intrenched in her conscious integrity, only felt how grievously his suspicions wronged her, and waited for that *amende* she considered it his to make. Thus they continued to stand apart—the breach daily widening between them, and themselves daily becoming more miserable—all for the want of that frankness which would have cleared away doubt, and that trust which ought to have defied suspicion; and, alas! that it must also be said, that confidence which should be the rivet to the bond of affection. Unhappy as she was herself, however, Lady Dacre had not suffered this to absorb all interest in her sister’s af-

fairs. On the contrary, although she carefully avoided Tressillian as much as possible, she was even more sedulous than before in laboring for the happy finale always held in view; for if that, (for which, indeed, she had now almost ceased to hope,) if that could be once secured, then her husband would recognize his own folly and injustice, and all would end like the comedy of "Misunderstandings," to which Mrs. Aylmer had once compared it. There seemed less and less prospect of this as time went on; and now her heart sank like lead, when she saw the angry parting of those on whose reconciliation hinged not only their own happiness, but her's also.

It was not long afterwards that Tressillian, approaching, met her eager interrogative glance with an expression which ended all hope.

"Will you add to all your many kindnesses one more?" he added, in a tone so low that, of the group, Mrs. Aylmer was the only one to catch the words—"the last I shall ever demand of it; will you grant me a few minutes' *tete-a-tete* after the others have left the deck?"

Conscious that her husband's zealous glance was upon her, Lady Dacre hesitated for a moment, in painful irresolution; but the tone in which Tressillian added, "Do not fear I will detain you long—a few minutes will suffice for all I wish to say," made her answer hurriedly, with a burning cheek:

"I—only hesitated because—but no matter—I will remain, certainly."

"Thank you," he said softly. "I am never disappointed in relying on your friendship."

To her great relief he turned away then, and, whatever he did

with himself, she did not see him again during the time that the party remained on deck.

It was meanwhile an impulse entirely without reason, although irresistible, which caused Lord Dacre to approach Geraldine, and after a few indifferent remarks, to which she replied with tolerable composure, inquire abruptly:

"Have you induced Tressillian to change his resolution of departure?"

"I?" she said, flushing deeply.

"A strange question! Why should you imagine that I could, or would, induce Captain Tressillian to reconsider his resolution?"

"I can retort upon you but a strange question," he replied, with a forced smile. "Who but yourself could be so able to induce him to do so?—who but yourself so likely to practise the power?"

"I give you credit, my lord, for not knowing in the slightest degree what you are talking of," she said coldly; "for if you did you would be aware that I am the last person in the world likely to desire to influence Captain Tressillian, and he the last person likely to admit it from me."

"Can it be possible, then, that your once engagement is broken without any hope of a reconciliation?"

"There have been some ill-judged attempts to effect such an arrangement," with a calmness which herself only knew how much it cost her to maintain, "but I speak for Captain Tressillian as well as myself, when I say that the only reconciliation we desire is a reconciliation to separation; and this we have already succeeded in finding for ourselves."

He answered nothing. Indeed her words, each one so coldly and deliberately spoken, that not to credit them was an impossibility, shot home like bolts in the heavy door that closed in his heart against hope. He silently bowed his head, as if he accepted the thrice bitter knowledge that not alone was his wife's heart now and ever alien from him, but that her lips—the lips he had once deemed as pure as those of the first Mother, before the fall—were darkened and stained by causeless falsehood. We hear of it very often, this worshipping idols only to find them at last with feet of clay; and some of us are even prone to laugh at the folly that forms and rears them aloft. But may the most scoffing and practical among those who “know the world and human nature too well for such absurdities,” never learn how great is the crash with which the enshrined divinity falls, nor how drear and terrible is the gloom and darkness which settles over the vacant pedestal at whose feet lie the shattered fragments of what was once joy and beauty.

Lord Edward now advanced, bearing a guitar ornamented with the usual cerulean ribbons, and petitioned M^{rs} Deverell for some music; but the latter declining with a decision which prevented a repetition of the request, his lordship, with a ludicrously crest-fallen expression, was fain to betake his instrument and himself to Mrs. Aylmer; for he had at last, after much experience, learned that to rouse a sleeping tigress was scarcely fraught with more danger than to annoy Geraldine by persistence when some moods were upon her, and betokened their presence by the bending of her

fair brow. For once, however—the reason was best known to herself—Mrs. Aylmer was obliging enough to take compassion upon him, and, rousing from her graceful indolence, accept the guitar, and grant to the company the benefit of her rich contralto in what she languidly said were “only a few simple scraps of melody; she could not dream of accomplishing anything like Geraldine's scientific and brilliant bravuras.” So she only murmured forth, in her round liquid notes, fragments of canzonetta and barcarole, or those wild sweet airs which still linger among and seemed indigenous to the mountain fastnesses of Tyrol—or broke in upon them with the voluptuous rhythm of the melodies to which the Alme clink their golden anklets, and toss their white arms aloft when they bound before the diwan-throned follower of the Prophet. As the tones rang through the vessel, even the knot of seamen, talking forward, ceased all sound, and drew near and nearer the quarter whence they proceeded. But the quick glance of the fair musician searched in vain through the dusk now rapidly gathering for Tressillian's presence; he was nowhere to be seen. Breaking off abruptly, she threw aside the instrument, which fell with a reproachful clang of its silver strings, and interrupted the tide of eager compliment to say, as she drew her shawl with a slight shiver around her shoulders, “Whatever the rest of you may feel, good people, I grow cold, and I therefore move that we adjourn to the cabin. But,” she added, after a moment's pause, “since I fancy that silence, in this instance, does *not* give assent, and that I am alone in my discovery

that there is dampness even in Mediterranean air, why, Lord Edward, I will only trouble you for your arm as far as the cabin door."

"You are mistaken in the cause of our silence, Mrs. Aylmer, for I imagine we are all coming," said Miss Deverell, who, like the others, had waited for Lady Dacre to answer, and glanced at her sister with some surprise as she rose. Lady Dacre understood the look, and colored slightly as she met it; but she had no alternative but to sit silent, and feign an abstraction she was far from feeling, hoping they would go and leave her in peace. But reminded by a glance from Mrs. Aylmer of the duty and politeness he was about to forget, Charley Mildmay made himself thoroughly obnoxious when he only meant to be attentive, by saying, "Is not your ladyship coming with us?"

"No," she replied hurriedly, "I believe not; I wish to remain; that is, it is so pleasant here that I cannot persuade myself to exchange it for the close cabin."

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. Aylmer, with a little cry of expostulation, "indeed you cannot be so foolishly imprudent as to remain out in this damp night air, and, too, with nothing around your shoulders but that thin scarf! I wish very much you would come in; but if you will not, pray take my shawl."

"Thank you," was the distant reply, "but I am not at all chilly, and I will not therefore deprive you of it."

"But indeed I must insist. Lord Dacre," turning with her prettiest smile, "pray make this rebellious lady hear reason, and at least accept a wrap."

"I think you are imprudent, Gertrude," said her husband gravely, "and that you had better accompany us within."

By this time Lady Dacre had thoroughly lost patience. "Excuse me," she said, with no slight degree of asperity apparent in the tone of her voice; "I am not at all fearful of the consequences of the night air, and I feel in the mood for remaining on deck."

Mrs. Aylmer shrugged her shoulders very significantly, as she moved on, followed by her train, and in a few seconds Lady Dacre found herself alone, with the unpleasant consciousness that she had been betrayed into acting very foolishly. "It would have been so easy," she murmured, in a tone of intense self-vexation, "to have gone with them, and, without exciting any of this attention to myself, have found an opportunity after a while to come and meet Tressillian. I wonder if it would not be well to do this yet! I can follow them. He is not yet here."

She half rose to accomplish her intention, but a light touch fell on her arm, and a dark figure suddenly appearing beside her made her give a slight cry of startled surprise.

"Pardon me," said Tressillian, "I should have spoken first; but it is only I."

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

"Oh, it is only you, is it!" Lady Dacre said, recovering herself, and feeling inclined to expend a little of her vexation on the unconscious cause of it; "I was just beginning to imagine that my memory for the

appointment was better than your own, and was about to follow the rest of the party."

"I regret extremely that you should have had to wait for me," he replied in a tone of slight surprise; "but surely it has not been long? I was lying down forward; but I told one of the sailors to let me know when the others left the deck, and as soon as he gave the information I came."

"Yes," she murmured, "but a—in short, I think I will go. Why can you not tell me what you have to say within? I suppose darkness is not imperatively necessary for it?"

"If you wish to go, pray do not allow my tiresome private affairs to detain you," he replied; "but it is impossible I can say what I wish in the cabin. Half a dozen ears would hearken there to what is only intended for one."

There was an accent in his voice which at once melted Lady Dacre's little petulance, and made her feel very penitent and self-reproachful. So she sat down, and mutely invited him to a place beside her.

"I only meant," she said apologetically, "that it appears rather strangely—that is, might appear if any one saw us, our thinking it necessary to arrange so mysterious a *tele-a-tele*. But that is no matter. Go on and let me hear what it is you have to tell me."

"I appreciate the reason for your hesitation, and what I wish to say will not detain you more than a few minutes," he answered, declining her gesture of invitation to sit, and standing by her side. After a moment's pause, he added abruptly, "You have been so more than kind

to me, that I am sure you will be sorry to hear that all is over. Tomorrow morning I bid a final adieu to the Albatross."

There was unfeigned sorrow indeed, not only in her face, but in her tone, although she only said, "And Geraldine?"

"Geraldine has taken good care that I have no loop-hole left for presumptuous hope. Her voice it was which decided me."

During the minute of profound silence which followed, and which Lady Dacre could not break, she heard the dash of the waves against the keel of the vessel as if in a sort of painful dream, and then Tressilian's tones very calmly modulated—almost too measuredly so, indeed, for natural effort—said, "It was not alone once more to thank you for your unavailing efforts in my behalf that I asked for this interview, but also to give you a few explanations which, as you think fit, you may or may not communicate to your sister. I feel that the sooner this is ended the better, and so I promise to avoid prolixity. But I must trespass on your patience for a short time.

"I need not enter upon the so often discussed ground on which Miss Deverell has thought fit finally to dissolve our engagement. You are, of course, well aware of all concerning it. Mrs. Hautaine *may* herself have believed what she taught your sister to believe—that I was acting with most dishonorable falsity of conduct alike to my *fiancee* and my friend; and if so she—she was justified in the line of conduct she pursued towards me. But she might at least have taken a different tone in so doing, and then she would not

have roused the worst part of my nature, and matters might—but who knows?—have been different! I would like to ask what your belief as concerns my connection with Mrs. Bellamy is?"

"Never anything that injuriously affected your honor," she answered readily.

"Thank you!" he said with warmth. "Thank you for that much justice; and you are right. When Frank Bellamy was ordered to India, it was specially to my care—we were always the oldest and best of friends—that he committed the care of his wife, and requested me to afford her the advice and assistance her inexperience and helpless nature would inevitably need. He foresaw rightly; for, pretty infantine toy as she is, she proved utterly incapable of attending to the most ordinary business even of her household; and on the daily recurring occasions of doubt and embarrassment she only did that which her husband himself had requested, when she applied to me for extrication. I had always been more intimate in that house than in my brother's; and to merely continue the habit of years seemed no more natural to myself than to her. Only the devil himself, in the shapes of his spies and emissaries, the gossips, could have found evil to deduce from such a connection; but at all events, as you well know, it was done. Perhaps I was wrong in merely ignoring the slander with contempt; but still I cannot see what other course was left open to me; for one cannot challenge the dowager turbans of the card-tables, and men were silent enough on the subject. I distained to allow it to produce any influence on my con-

duct; and was quite as often at Mrs. Bellamy's house as before, no more dreaming that the slander would reach Geraldine's ears than I thought it possible so palpable a fabrication could receive her credit."

"But you forget," broke in his auditor eagerly—"you forget there was very specious proof presented to her! and also that the sort of blind trust you ask is seldom bestowed now—indeed is scarcely in reason to be demanded."

"It may be," he said, half-sadly; "you are probably right. But some dreams are so much a part of one's self, that when they are broken everything goes with them. I think it is only those who are strongly conscious of honor and rectitude themselves who ask what you call a blind trust. If you will remember, no rogue or scoundrel was ever honestly indignant at being doubted. It is only the chivalric nature that feels the mere breath of suspicion an injury not easily to be forgiven. And what, after all, is faith and trust, if it asks proof before it can believe?"

"If you are right," she said, with a hidden pang, "the world has yet much to learn of the meaning of those words. And at all events, you should have remembered that Geraldine, like yourself, was under the domination of passion."

"Now, I can plainly see much in which we were both wrong," he said, "and the end is only what might have been foretold. She was too peremptory; I too unbending; and both too quick to anger. But you have never known—you cannot possibly imagine how provocative to a temper none of the mildest, was the ordeal I was forced to undergo, on

the morning that I so outraged Mrs. Hautaine."

"My aunt was indeed outraged as I never saw her before. She said that the hauteur you exhibited towards her remonstrance and herself was contemptuous in the highest degree."

"I admit that the matter of what she had to say, and her manner of saying it, galled me almost past self-control," he continued; "but I think that Mrs. Hautaine has so often before very much misinterpreted me, if she found in my manner anything of contempt. Her rendering of the scene, however, doubtless prepared your sister for the mood in which she met me. It was coldly imperative; and she made an unalterable condition of the engagement continuing, that my connection, and indeed all acquaintance, with Mrs. Bellamy should cease. You could readily guess—even if you did not know—what was my reply. She has never since receded from that demand; and I need not say that, if she can believe me guilty alike of falsehood to herself and the darkest treachery to my friend, she is more than right in severing all link of connection between us. And I—who have never been able to bring myself to the production of proof—have certainly no cause to regret that which could not exist without it."

He spoke very coolly, for he had steeled himself to the effort; but to his aghast listener it was the words of fate that bade her surrender the last gleam of hope. Sorrow for him—grief for her wilful sister—all so lately felt, were now swallowed up in the appalling certainty that the matter was "finally over and

ended at last;" and that she must prepare to endure her husband's suspicions without the triumphant proof with which she had trusted to refute them. It was her low and unconsciously-spoken "Heaven help me—what can I do!" which drew Tressillian's attention, and he answered at once:

"Best and warmest of friends, there is nothing more to be done. I must accept my fate with what resignation I can. But you should feel that not only are you free from all blame, but that you have done all that could——"

"Don't talk so," she interrupted, with a rush of the tears she could no longer restrain, "for I—I was not thinking of you or Geraldine, but of my wretched, unfortunate self."

"Dear Lady Dacre, believe me this grief is entirely uncalled for. How is it possible for you to blame yourself for that which you did all in your power to avert?"

Tears only answered. Tears which seemed to set at naught any of his efforts to console, until very much puzzled and still more embarrassed by this extreme degree of sympathy, he could only take refuge in silence, and wait for her emotion to abate. The moon so softly and clearly silver, had meanwhile risen into the deep hyacinth-blue of the sky, and was sleeping over the expanse of shining water, while in her light the spars and rigging of the Albatross threw the shadows of their graceful tracery upon the deck where the two were sitting.

It was exactly at this juncture of the conversation that Mrs. Aylmer, in the cabin below, discovered, during one of the dealing intervals

of a game of whist, that she had left her inseparable companion, a vinaigrette, on deck, and requested her partner, Lord Dacre, to obtain it for her. His lordship rose with alacrity to obey. Perhaps he was not sorry for an opportunity to satisfy the tormenting thoughts that would intrude, and had once positively caused him to rough his partner's strongest suit. At all events, if so, curiosity paid the usual penalty of gratification; for no sooner had he set foot on deck than the treacherous moon, which for ten minutes before had been sailing behind a cloud, came brilliantly forth, and revealed a tableau to his eyes worthy the boards of the Italian opera. His wife dissolved in tears, Tressillian bending over her in an attitude profoundly expressive of the strongest desire to console, and both so absorbed in themselves as neither to see nor hear his approach! Although Mrs. Aylmer's little gold-chased and jeweled vinaigrette was glittering in the moon beams, directly before him, he returned after a few minutes' absence to report to the fair owner his deep regret at his utter inability to find it.

Meanwhile, it was only at last in broken sentences, and obscurely shadowed forth hints, that Tressillian gradually gathered the secret of his companion's grief, and a revelation it was to him not less exciting remorse than astonishment.

"To think," he exclaimed, with a burst of self-reproachful anger, "that I, and my worse than hopeless cause, should have cost you so much! Why did you not tell me earlier?"

"Tell you earlier," she repeated, raising her face with the tear-drops

glistening in the moonlight, and forming, as Tressillian even then thought, a very picture-life effect. "I am sure I am very sorry it has escaped me now. And pray do not think that this selfish motive dictated my efforts to reconcile Geraldine and yourself."

"Can you imagine me guilty of such injustice and ingratitude?" he asked, as he rose and walked away. One quick turn up and down the deck he took, while Lady Dacre wiped her eyes, and bethought herself with a start that it was full time to end the *tele-a-tete*. And then he came back to her side, and spoke with strange haste in his voice.

"I see of how vital importance it is to you that this reconciliation should take place; and I thank you more than words can say that before it was too late you gave me the opportunity to prove to you my grateful sense of your past and present friendship and your ever active sympathy. Will you bear a message for me to your sis'er?"

She glanced up in surprise, and her lips, as if in doubt, only slowly syllabled forth a dubious "Certainly; but——"

"Say to her then," he went on eagerly, "that if she will consent to forget the past, and suffer me again to resume my position as her accepted lover, the concessions she insists upon shall be made. I will agree to anything. All that I ask is that a reconciliation take place."

"Captain Tressillian," she almost gasped forth, in astonishment, "do you really know what you are saying?"

"Perfectly well," he replied coolly, "although you may understand that it is for your sake, not for hers,

and never for my own, that I make this sacrifice."

"It is impossible!" she cried, with energy. "I cannot—I will not consent to it! The mere idea of your making such a sacrifice for me is monstrous! I would do anything reasonable—anything open and honorable—to compass a peace; but never this. Thank your for your offer; but I must decline to bear your message."

"You will only force upon me then the necessity of bearing it myself," he said; "and considering the part you have played in the matter, I should prefer that the olive branch was tendered by your hands. Will you not consent to be my ambassador?"

She shook her head, with an air of the most immovable determination. But there is no knowing what wonders can be worked in changing a feminine resolution by steady entreaty and persuasion. He consumed nearly half an hour in bringing her ladyship to hear reason; but he considered the time and labor well bestowed, when at last she gave a reluctant consent to what he proposed. Then when that matter was finally adjusted, and her promise passed to deliver faithfully the message entrusted to her, she rose with a start and glance almost as frightened as that of Cinderella. "Good heavens, how long I have been here!" she cried. "I am sure I did not notice how late it grew. I must go at once; and what will they think of me?"

"They will better know to-morrow what to think," was all he could say for her comfort, as he left her at the cabin door.

It required no small amount of

moral courage to open that door, and entering to encounter the significant glances, and more significant tones which she knew would greet her. But there was no alternative, and the inevitable will make even cowards brave; so after a moment's pause, she nerved herself and glided in.

No brighter scene can be imagined than the cabin presented as her eyes, dazzled by the contrast with the quiet moon-lit deck, took in its *ensemble*. Nothing could be more elegantly luxurious than were all its fittings; and with the soft glow of the silver lamps, falling alike over the rich tints of the furniture, and the scattered group whose low well-bred murmur of conversation met the ear only with a pleasant lulling sound, it made a *coup d'œil* very pleasant to the sight. Mrs. Aylmer and Mildmay occupied together a sofa at the further extremity, and were evidently deep in the mysteries of flirtation; while the two other gentlemen, seated at the centre table, were playing *ecarte*, and near them Geraldine was listlessly leaning back in a *fauteuil*, and making an effort to appear interested in the varying fortunes of the game. She it was who first looked up as her sister entered, and said indolently:

"I hope you enjoyed the moonlight as much as your long *sejour* betokened. It is moonlight, is it not?"

"Yes," Lady Dacre answered, angry at herself that she was unable to suppress a blush, as she felt her husband's dark eyes fixed upon her. "I can imagine nothing more beautiful than it is; and I wonder at the insensibility which detains the rest of you here, while nature is lavishing so much beauty unseen."

"What would you have?" Mrs. Aylmer languidly remarked—"If we all went, you know that the romance of the thing would be spoiled by number. As for solitary enjoyment, I confess I am not sentimental enough to appreciate that; and there is only one other mode—a most delightful, beyond doubt—but unfortunately for me, I lack the suitable material for an *egoisme a deux*."

"There!" said Lord Dacre, throwing the cards down upon the table, "that ends the game. Fairly beaten, I confess. "Don't tell it at the 'Travelers,' Maitland, or they will think you are indulging in a *canard*."

He rose as he spoke, and approaching the table beside which his wife sat, bent over the open pages of a book upon it, as if intently occupied, while he said in a tone so low that she only could hear and appreciate its chilling coldness, "May I ask, if the subject of your long *tele-a-tete* with Captain Tressillian has still had reference to your sister's affairs?"

"Undoubtedly," she replied, in the same key, although her color rose very perceptibly; "it is impossible there can be any other of interest between us."

Even supported as she was by the consciousness of integrity, it was hard not to quail beneath the mingled scorn and contempt with which his eyes were filled as she met them, and which trembled in his

voice as he replied, "It is unfortunate, at least, that Geraldine is so ungrateful, as, while ignoring all your efforts in her behalf, even to declare them both undesired and unavailing. In view of this fact, however, you will pardon me if I have that regard for your dignity which you do not yourself possess; and if I desire that in future, during the time that Tressillian may remain with us, you will allow your sister to be the judge of her own affairs. And since she pronounces the breach irreconcilable, you will not think any more private conferences with Tressillian necessary."

He then walked away, and almost the words of recall rose to her lips—the words which would have made all clear between them, which would have put an end to all the misunderstanding, and given her back her husband's trust. But anger and pride stepped in to forbid; anger and pride whispered her to wait a little—such a little—longer; only till to-morrow, and her day of triumph would come; the day which would reveal her in her bright light of universal peace-maker, when her husband would remorsefully ask and receive her gracious pardon for his injustice. No, no; it would never do to spoil, by undue haste, such a dramatic conclusion. She would endure his suspicion a short time longer, since to do so would only lighten her triumph at the last. She would wait. And she waited.

THE CUB OF THE PANTHER;

A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.*

BOOK SECOND.

"As having scarce a purpose in his life,
Save to endure ; yet doing evil none,
He went alone, a melancholy man."

CHAPTER I.

THE MELANCHOLY HUNTER.

"Wilt thou love such a woman? What! to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee, not to be endured! Well, go thy way to her, for I see that love hath made thee a tame snake!"

[*As You Like It.*]

It is a terrible thing for a young, keenly susceptible, tender and loving heart, with affections heightened to intensity by a fervid fancy which crowns the object of love with a halo more beautiful than the rainbow, to lose the hope which had its birth in the adoption of its ideal. That hope which has been the inspiration of the thought by day, which has made the nightly dream a long delight—suddenly driven from its perch of pride, pleasure and security, and lost forever to the

heart's consciousness—the whole soul seems to wither into vacancy!

And this suffering will necessarily be in due degree with the purity of the integrity of the affection. It is idle to say that the will of manhood may contend with, and overcome, a misplaced passion—may subdue it, with proper scorn of the worthless or inappreciative object ; may whistle it down the wind, as we dismiss the thing which has no value ; and find ready consolation in the reckless ditty of the old balladist, singing, with the snap of the fingers :

"If she be not fair for *me*,
What care I how fair she be?"

A genuine passion is not so easily dismissed. It clings tenaciously to the idol, even though it should scorn the prayer ; and continues its worship, though its altars itself be over-

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author and proprietor, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of South Carolina.

thrown! It may admit that it loves unwisely; may mourn that it loves too well; but that it should continue to do so, is not a matter over which human will possesses control. "Your words are good," said the Seminole chief to the preacher, "but after all that you have said, the pain is still here, here in the temples!"

Now, the hope upon which the affections of Mike Baynam was based, was not actually lost, even in the opinion of Mike himself, but it was endangered; and the doubt which overhung its fate was too serious not to make him fear the worst. He felt keenly, and with bitterness, the treatment which he had received from Rose Carter on the night of the marriage of Ben Fitch to Polly Blanton. He could not be insensible to the cruel levity which she had shown, and the prompt caprice which so readily preferred, in every way, the attentions of the stranger; and so recklessly displayed her preference, to the eyes not only of one whose devotions had been so long continued, and had been so self-sacrificing always, but of the whole company, hardly one of whom was ignorant of the state of his affections. His pride was mortified; his heart was pained and sore; his head was heavy; his hope, hovering and flitting about its perch, without settling, and seeming every moment preparing to depart in flight forever! His love was too intense, his modest self-estimate too humble, to allow him to brave his fate. He feared too much for his hope, and the fearless hunter, whom man could not make succumb, was the veriest coward in all its approaches to a woman! Divided between doubt

and anxiety, and hope and fear his suspense was hardly endurable; yet he could not muster up the necessary courage to bring the matter to an issue. He feared to face his fate.

We have seen the condition of his mind, as he rode from the wedding festival, to the obscure retreats of his mountain home. Here, for a goodly week, the melancholy hunter sat by the ingleside, his pipe his only consolation, or wandered along his cliffs, and among the great chestnut oak forests, a sad and lonely man! His energies seemed to have abandoned him. He no longer sought the chase. In jockey phrase, "he was off his food;" ate but little, and that little with apparent indifference, if not disgust. Night and morning, his brother-in-law, Sam Fuller, would say to him:

"Are you for the trail to-morrow, Mike?" or, "Are you for a drive to-day, Mike?" and scarcely get any answer. A shake of the head, the simple monosyllable "No;" this was all.

Fuller would carelessly add, "The scent's keen, Mike;" but without producing any effect. He himself (Fuller) brought home game almost nightly; and, though confessing himself far inferior as a hunter to Baynam, he was always tolerably successful. He was a dogged and tenacious hunter, without being a brilliant one. Without genius, and there is a genius for hunting as for all other human avocations, he had yet *learned* his trade, and was diligent in its prosecution—a simple secret, by which to secure always an adequate degree of success.

Martha Fuller, his wife, was not

so patient with her brother as was her husband. She chafed hourly, as she beheld his vacant mood, and dreary, drowsy aspect. Her impatience found words occasionally, passing slurs or sneers, which might or might not reach the senses of her brother; but she did not venture to speak out fully what she felt and thought. But more than once she sought to egg her husband on, to do and say what she herself feared to do. But he had his answer ready.

"Look you, Mattie, talk to him ef you will; he's your brother, and may listen to you; he's a fool for love, that's true, and lets this gal poke fun at him; but he won't stand it from me, I kin tell you; and I don't think he'll stand over much from you. I know enough of bar (bear) natur', not to poke at him when he sets on his haunches, in the hollow of his den, and shows both rows of teeth."

Mattie had not heard from Mike or any other person the details of what had taken place at the wedding, but she knew enough of the fair coquette, Rose Carter, to conjecture pretty nearly what had happened; and at length, one evening, when Sam Fuller came home, bringing with him a fine buck, he said to her alone:

"I seed Joe Scrymgeour to-day, and he told me all about the wedding, and how Rose Carter behaved to Mike."

"How was that?"

"Never once danced with him, though he axed her, and danced all the time with the two young fellows, Bulkley and Fairleigh, what's jist

from college, and splurging all about the country."

"Why, they're the nabobs, and how did they come to Tom Blanton's? Wonder ef he had the conceit and impudence to ask 'em."

"No, indeed; they come in of their own axing, making up a sort of story that they had lost themselves hunting, as if a good hunter would do sich a thing. Precious little hunting will they do, onless after foolish gals like Rose Carter."

"Well, indeed! and so Rose Carter danced with them young fellows, the nabobs, and flung off Mike."

"That's the very how!"

"The impudent conceited cat, with her vanity and feathers! My brother is worth ten thousand of sich creators; and ef 'twan't that he felt it so bad, I c ould pray that he might never see her fool-face agin, with its smiling and sniggering, and the toss of her little head, and her twisted curls! Yes, I kin tell exactly how 'twas! Her head begun to twist and shake, and her mouth to pucker up, all a smiling, as soon as she seed them young fellows come into the room! She gits it all from her fool mother, with her big words and her consequence and conceited airs; and I reckons she's jest fool enough, like her mother, to notion it that them young men's a'ter her! and so it may be, Sam Fuller; but, mark me, no good'll come of it to her! The feathers draw out all her brains, and she's no right use of her seven senses. I kin see it all now! But it does so vex me that Mike don't see and won't see, and hasn't a man's sperit in him, when he

thinks of that painted varity! It's amazin' to me to see what fools men air when dealing with young women! Lord! ef I had only been a man; why, Sam, I could have had hafe the women in the country, only for the axing — just by shaking a hank'chief!"

"The Lord save the country then, and the Lord be praised for having made you what you air—jest a woman and nothing better!"

Then, *sotto voce*, but still loud enough for her to hear—

"It might have been a good thing for Sam Fuller ef you *had* been made a man! for then——"

'Then what!' fiercely confronting him.

"Why, then, I might have been a man myself, able to say my soul's my own!"

"Git out, you Satan! You got that from Mike."

"Well, Mattie, I don't kear a button to see Mike in his present fix and situation. Ef he's fool enough to be bamboozled by a fool-woman, as you say, he desarves it; and ef she kicks him the better for him, as you yourself says! Let him growl and be sorrowful, and let her kick! and I don't kear a straw with how many nabobs she dances. Let 'em work it out among themselves, and find the profit when it comes; and you take my advice now—don't you make or meddle in the business! The day'll come out cl'ar, when it's tired of raining; and Mike'll wear out his lovin', jest as one wears out the chills, when they tire of shaking him, and when he's too lazy to shake! You hush up, and keep your tongue quiet. It's a leetle too sprigh, Mattie, for a quiet

house, and a kerb wouldn't do you any harm!"

"A kerb! Oh! you great brute! You're always, you and Mike, heving something to say about my tongue, when, as the Lord's my judge, I makes less use of *my* tongue than any woman in the mountain country."

"Then the Lord, in his marcies, save the mountain country; for it must need a great deal of saving! Salt can't save it against all that world of sour!"

"Oh! aint you now ashamed of yourself to say sich spiteful things? I talk! Why, Sam, you've said more this hafe hour than I've spoke in a who'e week!"

"Oh! Gimini! Well, Mattie, it's cl'ar to me that there's the most wondrous difference between your ears and your tongue. It's a great pity that one couldn't take the measure of the other. But let's hush it, for here's Mike! The poor fellow's been out this breezy day, without coat or cap. Ef he goes on at this rate, he'll hardly remember to put on his breeches of a morn'ing."

"Don't you laugh at him, poor fellow; he's so miserable!"

That night she said to her husband:

"I mean to see for myself into these doings. I'll go down and pay a visit to Betsey Mcore. I owes her a visit. She's got all the sense of her whole family; and she had one time a great liking for Mike, and we, too, were always friendly. I'll see how the cat jumps. She'll tell me all I reckon. You must let me have the mar (mare) to-morrow."

"I tell you, Mattie, agin and agin,

hev nothing to do or say in the business. You women do more mischief, by meddling with match-making, than the old devil himself; and nine in ten of the matches you make hev brimstone at both eends."

She had her answer to this very rude speech, which had no effect upon her determination. She was resolved to go, and go she did! Her interest in her brother was no doubt the main reason for her visit; but she was curious besides, and good Aunt Betsey Moore, being something of a gossip, like herself, she naturally hoped for a fine time, and a vast fund of information to be gleaned over the evening fireside, and doled out at future evening firesides. She went on a conversational speculation.

Mike Baynam did not notice her absence or departure; and Sam Fuller, on the hunt during the day, and undisturbed in his sleep during the night, was scarcely conscious of any want in the household. Her visit implied her absence both day and night, and we must accompany her if we would share her satisfaction and knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS—HOW WOMEN ARE TO BE WON, AND SO FORTH.

Mattie Fuller, to use her own expression, was not "mealy mouthed," like her brother; she was of coarser texture. There was a something sympathetic between her mind and its moral and that of Aunt Betsey Moore. They occupied very nearly the same place of intellect and taste, and found pleasure accordingly in communion with each other. It was an honest welcome, therefore, which

Mrs. Fuller received from the ancient maiden of fifty — Betsey Moore—very unlike that which was accorded her by her more antique, but more consequential sister, the relict of the late most excellent Squire Moses Carter, of venerable memory.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mattie Fuller, I can hardly tell whether I'm standing on my heels or my head. Why it's an age, woman, sence we had a talk together. Here you, Jupe, take Mrs. Fuller's horse. And how hev you been all this time; and how's Mike, and your husband, Sam Fuller? As for Mike, I haven't seen him sence the night of Ben Fitch's wedding."

"What vulgar woman has Betsey got hold of now?" said Mrs. Carter to her daughter Rose, turning up at the same time her ineffable nose.

"It's Mrs. Sam Fuller," was the answer; "sister of Mr. Baynam."

Mr. Baynam, Rose? You mean the hunter of that name."

"Yes, mamma!"

"These vulgar people, alas! my child. Your unfortunate aunt is incurable! How lucky for you and me that I had an education. But education, perhaps, would have done but little had not my own tastes been naturally delicate and refined. It cost me no labor or much study to become accomplished, correct and graceful of speech, easy and elegant of manner. It would break my heart, Rose, were you not to have taken after me. As for Betsey, it makes me perfectly miserable to listen to her vulgarisms."

"Come in, Mattie Fuller, come in," sounded the masculine tones of Aunt Betsey from within. "Come in and take a rest a bit. You must

be pretty much overkim by your ride."

"Rest a *bit*! *overkim*!" were the subdued echoes of Mrs. Jane Carter from within. "Oh, heavens! how distressing!"

"Don't let it distress you, mamma. Aunt Betsey can't help it."

"It is that which most distresses me, my child, that her disease is incurable! It is lucky that her present visitor is like herself. They certainly do understand each other, speaking in their barbarous dialect. But we must endure it, child. Betsey has her uses."

Yes, indeed, very various were Aunt Betsey's uses. She was the Mrs. Caleb Justen of the establishment; the housekeeper, who looked to the kitchen, the house cleaning, the meat curing, the sausage making; in brief, to all the drudgery of farm and cottage. Her *patois* might have been spared by the would-be fashionable lady, on the score of gratitude, at least, if not of taste.

Mrs. Martha Fuller was introduced in due form to the family circle. She was received in state by the fine lady, who welcomed her after a fashion, barely avoiding incivility, and making no effort to rise from her seat.

"I hope you're well, Mrs. Fuller; I hope you've recovered from that shortness of breath which formerly troubled you? Your husband is well? And Mr. Baynam?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Carter; but we're all as well as could be expected. I've left off wheezing, as you see, and can shake a leg now at a regular breakdown as sprigh as any gal in the mountains. I was never better in all my life; and Sam Fuller eats his corn and bacon jist

as free as his nag chaws his fodder. Mike, too, is lively as a lark in seed time and harvest; and ef thar was a home of good cheer and good sperits, it is ourn."

There was much in this speech to annoy the great lady. To herself she muttered:

"Vulgar creature! With her *wheezing* and *shaking a leg*, and *breakdown* for dance; and *sprigh* for sprightly, and *gal* for girl, and *chaw* for chew. Oh! Lord, the very match for Betsey!"

She was also disgusted at the boast of life and merriment in that lonely mountain cabin. What right had such people to merriment and good cheer while she remained an invalid? Here she was of opinion that Providence ordered things very unnaturally as well as unreasonably. But Mattie Fuller, having started off at a particular pace and in a particular direction, was not disposed to forego the advantages of her beginning. She felt that she disquieted the stately lady at every sentence, but she found a malicious pleasure in doing so; and even at the cost of conscience somewhat—doing a little "white-lying," as respects the peace, plenty, and pleasures of her home—she dilated equally on the excellent condition of Mike in mind and body, and the admirable profits resulting from his and Sam Fuller's daily hunting; and this disquieted the beautiful Miss Rose, who, with an air of pique, said:

"Why, we heard that Mr. Baynam was quite sick and sorrowful with some strange disorder, and that he had given up hunting altogether."

"He give up hunting! Mike! Why, bless your beautiful eyes, Rose, he'd sooner give up wife, chil-

dren and friends and family! He lives in hunting only! He'd sooner go on a bear hunt than go to the finest ball or party in the world; and never would go, but that Sam Fuller and myself coax and wring him into it, for you see he's young and unmarried, and it would be pitiful to think of sich a man as he living and dying an old bachelor, which is like living and being little better than a dog! So we forced him to go to places where he'd never set a foot or darken a door ef we didn't push him on. Then, it's a world of pities that a person who shakes sich a mighty fine leg as Mike should care no more for dancing than he does for almost any nothing that you could mention from hickory to huckleberry. No! no! Mike, I'm afeard, will never think of anything in this world to please him hafe so well as a shot at a buck, and a good wrestle with a brown bar. He's off by times in the morning, and we never sees him agin till night, and then he's sure to bring behind him, on his horse, some beautiful big beast that counts for money in Spartanburg and Greenville all seasons of the year."

Rose and her mother looked at each other with dubious glances, the countenance of the latter expressive of a full measure of disgust! The pique of Rose would not allow her to be silent, however, and it was with no little audacity that she ventured upon what might be considered forbidden ground.

"Well," said she, "that's all news to me. I'm sure I see him at nearly all the parties I go to, and I go, I think, to all that take place within riding distance. And when I saw him last at Polly Blanton's wedding,

he never once took out a partner, and, indeed, he seemed to be quite out of sorts at something!"

"Exactly, Rose Carter, that's jest what I'm telling you. When we *forced* him to come down and go with you and Miss Betsey to Blanton's, he would a thousand times rether have gone with Sam Fuller on a bar hunt. He says he's tired of these gatherings, and the foolish people who git together thar. 'But,' says I, 'Mike, thar's some good, pleasant people enough, and sensible, too, that goes to sich gatherings;' and then he says: 'Yes, prehaps, ef one could find them, without the trouble of hunting *them*! It's like hunting a needle through a haystack. No!' says he, 'if I'm to hunt at all, let it be some animal that'll pay for the trouble and expens^e of running it down and wasting powder and shot upon it.' 'But,' says I, 'Mike, it's time for you to be thinking of gitting a wife! You ought to be on the lookout now for a good one. You're gitting oldish; you're twenty-eight, going on twenty-nine, and you're a burning daylight. Before you knows whar you are, you'll be too gray for a green market!' 'Wife, indeed!' says he, 'what do I want with a wife as long as I can find game all through the mountains and make game of all that I find. I hev thought,' sometimes,' says he, 'of doing the foolish thing like other people; but I never yit could meet with a woman who had the right sense to be company for a raal genooine man! They're all fuss fidget, vanity and feathers!'"

This was one of the favorite shots of Mattie Fuller herself whenever Rose Carter was mentioned; and, under her frequent aggressive *fu-*

rore, she did not hesitate to ascribe the shaft to her brother.

She had carried the attack into the enemy's country with a vengeance. Her volubility, coolness, and dash were irresistible.

The stately lady was overwhelmed. Rose, herself, was somewhat confounded, and even Aunt Betsey knew not well what to believe.

For the time Mrs. Fuller silenced all her opponents, not pausing, by any means, where *we* have done, but steadily pursuing her game through all the sinuosities of the chase. It was only when she had fairly silenced mother and daughter, and exhausted her own vocabulary, that she came to a pause. She had, at least, proved to Mrs. Carter that shortness of breath was no longer her peculiar infirmity.

Rose retreated to her chamber in something of a huff!

The stately lady shut her eyes, leaned back in her cushioned *fau-teuil*, and, folding her hands in her lap, seemed to indicate a wish that the colloquy should cease.

Seeing this, Aunt Betsey winked to her visitor, motioned with her hand, nodded with her head, and succeeded in leading her forth from the hall into the court in front of the dwelling, Mrs. Fuller leaving the august presence with a triumphant toss of the head, and saying to herself as she went out:

"I reckon I've riled her gizzard, so that she won't have much appetite for dinner; and as for Miss Rose, I think I've let down her vanity a few keys, so that she'll forget to toss her feathers a few times in the eyes of better people."

"Well, raally, Mattie Fuller," quoth Aunt Betsey, herself suffering

no little bewilderment at the "tongue-game" which the former had been playing, "you've put me in a perfect sweat of amazement. I'm at a loss to know—I did think, and calkilate, and believe that Mike Baynam had a hearty liking for Rose; and, you knows, Mattie, I was always keen for a match betwixt 'em, for I always did think that Mike would make her the best husband of any man in the country. I raally loved him!"

"Well, and whose fault is it, Betsey, that she ain't his wife? In course, I was jest riling that old fool-woman, your sister. Ef she had only hafe your sense, Rose wouldn't be a fool neither! It's true I told you long ago, Mike was eager after her; but, as I hears, her treatment of him at Polly Blanton's wedding was most outrageous, shocking, ridicilous, beyond any reasonable man-stomach to bear. They tell me that she never danced with him onst, though he axed her several times; and when she refused him, she told him she wasn't guine to dance with anybody; yet, only a leetle bit a'ter, when two young fashionable, dandy squirts come in, what does she do but dances with them the rest of the night!"

"Well, Mattie, to say the truth, Rose did behave bad that night to Mike; but, you see, it was something the fault of Mike himself; for he did fight shy of her, and never tuk his chainces quick as a man should do always when he's dealing with a woman. You see a young woman's like a young filly that aint bridle-wise. You've got to catch her with a bait, and you've got to be quick in the catching. Now, the fault of Mike is, he's so bashful, so

shy, and so slow, that he don't know the trick to catch and bridle, and he's too slow to mount. I gin him the chaine when we was a-riding together to Blanton's; and Rose gin him the chaine, too, as I really do believe a-purpose; for, you see, she started off on a canter, and the two went off, leaving me full hafe a mile behind 'em. Then he had his chaine; but he never used it. So, at the dancing, he always let some other fellow git before him and her; and I'm a-thinking that Rose got vexed, be-kaise of his slowness. It looked as ef he didn't kear."

"Then it's well I put that spoke in the wheel. I want him not to kear, ef he's to be treated like a dog, and to be kicked jist when he's most in the humor to fondle."

"Ah! ef he'd only fondle! But I do think, Mattie, that there's not a young fellow in the whole county that couldn't beat Mike Baynam at a courting, and give him a dozen in the game. Yet, I say again, he's, to my liking, one of the finest fellows in this country, and I think that's the notion of Rose herself. But he's slow, and she's been so much followed by the young fellows that she's a leetle bit spiled, you see, and expects to be followed fast and hunted down, as I may say, before she'll gin in and cry 'snap.'"

"Well, what about them young fellows, Bulkley and Fairleigh?—Han't they been following her? I've hearn so."

"And it's true. You see, they're both handsome young chaps."

"Handsome is as handsome does, Betsey Moore!"

"That's true; but a young gal that's been so much followed by

young fellows as Rose, and it's nateral, too, Mattie, for she's a great beauty, that's sartain."

"Beauty's but a flower, cut down in an hour! You know it all. What's beauty without vartue? What's a pretty face without decent behavior? What's a fine curly head of hair with no sense in the head? I'd rather Mike Baynam would marry a sensible woman like you, Betsey."

"Oh, Lawd! don't talk to me of marrying, Mattie Fuller; that time's past and gone. Why, don't you see, I'm an old woman. Look at my head."

"But it's your sense, Betsey; it's what you've got in your head; that's what I wants to see in the woman that Mike marries; not a pretty face and fine curly hair, and a head that knows nothing, only to toss about when she's got her feathers in her bonnet! But about these young fellows—these tip-tops? She doesn't sartainly hev the ipectation that any one of them will marry her; and they both so rich, and their families carrying the highest head in the country?"

"Well, it's not easy, Mattie Fuller, to say what they ipects. But Rose likes young fellows to be following a'ter her, and she and my poor sister, who has great conceit of her larning and beauty, they don't think of any thing but making a great show all the time, and, prehaps, they have the notion that Rose is pretty enough to make any man forgit his money, and any family forgit its pride; but I don't hev such an idee! The young fellows is jist trying to pass away the time, and dancing with and a'ter all the pretty gals they find. You see, I

don't reckon either of them's got the idee of marriage in the back part of their heads; for the've jist left college, and I reckon the've got nothing jist now to do, and air only cavorting and splurging about, seeking a'ter their fun, 'till they gits to some bizness."

"And that's your idee, is it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"But ef your sister and Rose heve got other idees? Ef they think these young fellows kin be caught, eh?"

"That's the trouble, now; and yet, I don't think the've got the idee so sartin fixed in their heads as to gin up a good chaince for an on-sartin one! Now, I tell you: I do think, even now, that ef Mike was to press upon, and push on, and bridle the filly, without so much as axing 'by your leave, Miss,' I say I do think that Rose has such a nateral liking for him, that when he says 'snip,' she'll say 'snap.' Only let him bring it to the pint! I telled you that Rose and I both gin him the chaince, when he was on that ride to Squire Blanton's, and ef a man won't take advantage of a good chaince when the fig is ready to drop into his mouth, why who's to help him, and how kin he find fault, ef the gal's not willing to wait all *his* time for the axing? It's a little secret, but as we're friends, and both friends to Mike, I'll let you into it. Only the day before we was to go to the wedding, we had a consult, Jane Carter, Rose and me, about this very business. Jane Carter talked over a great many tomfooleries, about wanting Rose's husband to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a parson. She had

rather a preference for a doctor, for she believes in physic as ef 'twas the best part of the Holy Scriptures; but she confessed she had no particklar objection to Mike, except that he was a hunter by ockypation. But she said, ef Rose was willing to hev Mike, she'd be willing too—she'd be consenting."

"And what did Rose say?"

"Why she wouldn't say one thing or the other, but jist flung a tantrim and bounced out of the room."

"Well?"

"Well, to my mind, that was as much as to say that she was willing; though, jist like her, she might shy hear and thar, from this side to that, ontill the man showed the spirit to put the bit in her mouth. The bridle once fairly put upon her, and I reckon she'd take the marriage track with an easy pace, like any other sensible woman."

Armed with all this information, Mattie Fuller made her way home to her mountain cabin, bright and early, the next morning.

From the several cues we have had given us, we may reasonably conceive how the rest of the day was spent—Mrs. Carter playing the stately lady; Rose the shy, sly and somewhat suspicious damsel; and Aunt Betsey and Mattie Fuller annoying both by their audacity of remark and vulgarity of pronunciation. When Mattie was gone, the criticism was endless, and Jane Carter reviewed all her readings in Walker's Johnson, to find appropriate terms to express her disgust and indignation. But Rose kept a judicious silence.

CHAPTER III.

HOW A WOMAN'S TONGUE CAN CLEAR
THE ATMOSPHERE BY PLEASANTLY
DISTURBING IT.

Mattie Fuller lost no time, after her return home, in making a full report of her discoveries at Rose Cottage. This report she made, either in the hearing of Mike Baynam, addressed, however, to her husband, or in snatches addressed to Mike himself. As she *felt her way* in speaking to the latter, she grew bolder, and, on the authority of Aunt Betsey, impressed upon him her convictions that he had only to urge his suit promptly to obtain a favorable answer. To use the expression, if not elegant idiom of the good aunt, he had really only to say "*snip*," and she would certainly respond with the amiable affirmative, "*snap*;" that she was a skittish filly, to be caught by a *trick*, then *bridled* by a determined master; that in her conduct at the wedding she had simply shown herself coquettish; the consideration bestowed upon the two fashionable young men being merely the result of a vanity which had been so long fed upon the attentions of the gallants, that it had become natural for her to receive, to welcome, and even to desire them, but that the desire did not extend beyond the gratification of a young girl's vanity, and in no ways showed that her affections were involved in the matter.

All of which Mike Baynam drank in with welcoming ears, though in studied silence, making no sort of comment upon her proceedings, and showing no sort of emotion at the tenor of her report. He was happily quiescent.

In making this report, Mattie Fuller had shown a most unselfish interest in her brother, and had really sacrificed her own prejudices in deference to his attachment. It was quite a struggle in her mind whether it was proper to encourage him in his pursuit of Rose, as she had repeatedly said to her husband, and to Mike himself, she believed that if he married Rose he would repent it "but once, and that was all his life." In her own phrase, he "would be sorry for it as long as his head was hot."

But her warm regard for her brother, and the pain she felt in beholding his suffering, prevailed over her prejudices, and she concluded, not only to make her report as favorable as possible for his pursuit upon the authority of Aunt Betsey, but to spare Rose and her airs and graces as much as possible, suppressing all reference to what she deemed her ill-behavior to herself during the recent visit.

She was not so indulgent, however, to the mother, and revenged herself for her forbearance in regard to the daughter, by dealing out a full measure of indignation, scorn, and ridicule upon the head of that stately and pretentious would-be lady of fashion.

"I forgive Rose Carter," she said, "for all her faults and foolish airs and flammickins, which is natural enough to young critters that hev the misfortune to hev a most redickilous mother! It's that old, high-nose, rheumatic fool that's filled the gal's head with feathers and vanity! If the Lawd, in his blessed Providence, would only take off the old fool at onst, the gal would soon come to her proper

senses, pretickilarly as she's got sich a good, sensible aunt like Betsey Moore to set her on the right track, and start her off in the way to go! But, raally, so long as the old fool lives, jist so long will she be twisting and turning poor Rose's head, ontill, at last, it'll git quite round, and her eyes will be looking out of the back of her head, when they ought to be in the front! Only to see her, as she sets in her great padded rockin' chair, setting in state, and lolling back, putting the scent bottle to her nose whenever you're speaking to her; and shutting her eyes, as ef she was hafe dead with listening to you; and wiping her eyes, and nose, and face with a fine cambric hand'-chief, and bringing out a great sigh, and then the next minnit snubbing up good Aunt Betsey for saying some words that aint in the dickshenary book! Oh, it's so redickilous—her airs and tantrums! But, Lawd love you, the fun of it is when she speaks of her husband, the Old Squire Carter, and kivers her eyes with her hand'chief, and says, 'Rose, my love, 'spect my immotions! Oh! my beloved spouse! my everlamented!' Ha! ha! ha! when every body about the country knows how he used to beat her for her conceits and vanities—beat her with the broom-handle, pretickilarly when he was drunk and cantankerous! Why, it's knowing to all, how he onst druv her out of the house, one snow-storm, bleeding like a stuck pig; and I reckon ef one could sarch out under the wig atop of her head, they'd find the mark of the broom-handle, broad as my three fingers, to this very day! And when she gits to talk of her edication, and Rose's edication, and how fine it was, and

how it finished 'em and polished 'em off, so that they could be tip-top themselves, ef only the money was not wanting, it's enough to make a body split sides with laughing. The cantankerous, redickilous, rheumatic, old head-twisted woman!"——

We have condensed, in these paragraphs, the disjointed fragmentary speeches which employed Mrs. Mattie Fuller through the whole day and late in the night, to the amusement of her husband, perhaps, and possibly to the annoyance of Mike. Mattie had a good deal of low humor, and possessed a coarse talent for mimicry, which, in dealing with the stately Lady Carter, she put to the most mischievous uses. She, too, tossed her head, wiped her eyes, whined pitifully, at times, when speaking of the poor, dear departed; and her imitations of the big dictionary language of the widow were quite as ludicrous, on her tongue, as was the *patois* of herself and Aunt Betsey when ironically repeated by the lady of "Highfalutin."

To all this talk Mike Baynam offered no reply. However it might affect him secretly, he made no comment which could betray the state of his feelings. But there was proof, nevertheless, that a very favorable impression had been made upon him. He sat silent, it is true, but he ceased to refill and relight his pipe, and sometimes he suffered its fire to go out without consuming his tobacco.

Mattie remarked upon this fact, especially to her husband, and accounted for it on philosophical principles, saying:

"You see, Sam, his heart was so

full of what I was telling him, that he couldn't fetch his breath!"

Then it was noted that immediately after dinner Mike brought out his horse, "Go It," and gave him a good currying—a regular rubbing down—and called upon Sam to help him while he trimmed his hoofs. This solicitude for his horse, according to Mattie, after they had gone to bed:

"Shows he's guine to use him, Sam, and he hasn't crossed the critter sence he come back from Poly Blanton's wedding."

"Well," said Sam, "see what you please, Mattie, but say nothing about what you see! Let him work out his own notions for himself. Many a man is drowned from clumsy friends trying to help him; and many a man of fine feelins is jest as apt to turn away from the very woman he would like to hev from the foolish meddling of some other woman, who thinks this helping to make the match! A man of fine feelins is apt to be a mighty jealous and s'picious pusson; and ten to one, he thinks that the one woman has set the other on him! You see! So jist you say nothing more about him, and let him work out the figgers accordin' to his own rule of cyphering. You've said enough to sarve him with bitter-sweet for a month of Sundays; and it's jubous to me whether you hevn't said jist seven words too much!"

"What seven words, I wants to know?"

"Why, putting down the matter of all the seven deadly sins to the credit of old Mother Carter. You don't consider that when a man's fond of the da'ter, he's mighty apt, ontill the wedding's fairly over, to

see nothing wrong in the mother, and it's only decent, on his part, to believe nothing agin her, and only sensible on your part to say nothing against her."

Mattie had more to say; but Sam Fuller turned over impatiently in bed, saying, growlingly:

"Shet up now, Mattie, ef you please. I'm as sleepy as a cat, and must sleep, for I'm guine to put out for a hunt at the very first day-peep in the morning; and I reckon that Mike will jine me to-morrow. When I left him, he was cleaning out his rifle!"

There was another sign.

The wife growled out a reply upon a husband's churlishness; but Sam made no answer, and, in a few moments, his nose poured forth such a bugle blast as to satisfy her that she had no auditor for the rest of the night.

"Ex Pede Herculem!"

The heavy footstep of Mike Baynam was heard by the keen ears of Mattie bestriding the hall before daylight next morning. She heard him go forth, and his footstep seemed, to her senses, to report the full restoration of his manhood. It was free, firm, and confident, and he was evidently taking prodigious strides.

He left the house, and proceeded to the stables, which were but a few paces distant from the cabin. Then she heard his horse whiny, as if the beast recognized his master, and was glad to welcome the unusual visit. It was not long before Mike returned to the house, and knocked at the chamber door of Sam Fuller, whose wife, by this time, had awakened him from sleep, much to his discontent.

Sam growled out a surly "Well, what's it, Mike?"

"Will you hunt to-day, Sam?"

"Yes, I mean to; but 'taint high on to daylight yet, Mike. This woman, begar, I do believe her tongue's been guine all the night. I've heard it, or I dreamed it!"

"Git up you lazy brute, and be off! Precious little satisfaction a woman has for talking to sich as you!"

"It will be daylight by the time you're ready, Sam," said Mike.

"Well, I reckon, ef it must be so; but I do feel as ef I had been cheated out a whole Sunday sleep."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEER AND DEER HUNTERS ON THE TRAIL.

Into the cold, thin air of the morning, nearly an hour preceding the dawn, the two hunters stood upon the side of the mountain ledges, looking vacantly down into the great hollows which bounded each several height. The mists were reeking up from these narrow valleys in a vast sea of vapor, which fairly shrouded the prospect. The few stars which were visible were paling rapidly, and, with wan aspects, were trooping away to the west, like so many ghosts hieing to their graves, at the approaching first grey aspects of the oriental day.

All was silent; no voice of bird or beast, from height or hollow, heralded the coming light. But, as the hunters looked down into the gorges, and meditated their plans for the hunt, they well knew that, in the deep thickets of laurel—the bay—which filled those hollows, there harbored vast herds of the

black and brown bear, the deer, the panther and the wild turkey, all legitimate prey to their dogs and rifles, and which, in each precinct, the hunter considered as so much property, *in esse*, to be reduced, at their pleasure, into possession. It was but a work of time.

Of the plans of our two hunters for the day's sport we need say nothing. These were all proposed by Sam Fuller, and ready assent was given by Mike Baynam.

Sam labored under no diverting influences of passion or fancy, to distract his operations as a hunter eager after game, and already calculating on large sales of family-cured bear and deer hams for the contiguous village markets.

Sam was nothing but a hunter. The delicate issues of love made no part of his existence. He had a homely sort of affection for wife and home; but that delicate atmosphere with which sentiment clothes and refines passion, furnished nothing from brain to heart, keeping the one feverish and wandering, and the other sensitive and suffering from every caprice of the beloved one. The language which one of our Southern poets describes, and subsequently puts into the mouth of one of these mountain hunters, might very well be assigned to Sam; indeed, was his ordinary language, though in his case delivered in plain prose.

As the poem to which we refer is but little known, and has been rarely seen, we quote the passages, which, whatever the merits of the verse, are eminently truthful in sentiment and description. The portrait of the hunter here spoken of is done to the life, as every one will

admit who ever knew old Jem
Fisher, of the Hogback Mountain :

“A brave old man of seventy years,
Scarr'd deeply in the forest strife ;
His cheek the panther's ‘token’ wears,—
The grapple nearly cost him life !
From head to foot, o'er back and breast,
The bear and wolf have left such trace,
As will, to life's last hour, attest,
His matchless trials in the chase ;

How quick his hand, how great his skill,
How brave his heart, how firm his will ;
What sinews bore him to the prey ;
What courage nerved him in the fray ;
How keen his sight, how sure his aim,
How swift his knife—a flash of flame—

As, borne beneath the savage foe,
Half-smothered by his shaggy breast,
He felt where first to plant the blow,
Then made the keen steel do the rest.

And now, on foot, beside my steed,
With equal ease of step and speed,
He climbs the heights, and shows the
way,

And cheers one at the close of day.
With promise of supper, good and soon.
Be sure I welcomed warm the boon !”

* * * * *

The poet describes the scenery ;
the alternations of rock and valley ;
the perpetual fall of waters, flashing
in the sun ; and all these wild
aspects of Helvetian or Apalachian
Alps, which are so well calculated to
fascinate the fancy and lift the imagi-
nation on the wing of the Theban
eagle. But—he stops—and then,
after description, he proceeds :

“These never touched the hunter's soul,
Appeal'd to neither eye nor ear ;
O'er Fancy held no witch control,
And never moved a thought or care !
The little cascade at our side,
That crouched, until our feet drew
nigh,
Then leap'd, a spectre white and wide,
Scarce touched his ear, or caught his
eye !

But, when the valley opened fair,
With lakes of laurel festering there,
Vast tracks of ‘thick,’ a tangled shade
In gorges of the mountain laid,
Spread far, and sleeping still as death,—
Then bazed his eye, then came his
breath ;
The blood in every vein grew warm,
And lifted proudly soul and form ;—
He cried :—

“Thar, Captin, look you, thar (there),
Is the born dwelling of the bar (bear),
Further than eye can reach, he runs,
And feeds and licks his little ones ;
For more than twenty miles, you know,
In one great sea, these laurels grow :
Some nine miles wide, ayont they spread,
For his and for the painters (panther's)
tread !

Thar, through the day, they hide from
sight,
And prowl along the hills by night !

OH ! IT'S A WORLD OF MEAT !—to last,
When all my generations pass'd ;
And thousand years from now, I guess,
'Twill be, like now, a wilderness ;
A mighty harbor for the brute,
Where hunters yet unborn will shoot ;
And take their skins with jist the will,
That's mine—but with a better skill !
But now the field 's mostly mine ;
No rival crosses o'er my line ;
I claims as fur as eye kin see,
And all the county yields to me.
The bar that ranges fur and wide,
Some day will pay me ham and hide ;
And with each sun, this rifle's crack,
Still picks the old buck from the pack.
I've all I wants, myself, and more ;
My boys all share my skill and store ;
And they will never lack for game,
While strength kin hunt, or skill kin tame,
And yit, I sometimes grudge to think,
That when into the grave I sink,
Another foot shall take the trail,
And win, where I, *prehaps*, might fail ;
Some other hunter's eye explore,
The ‘thick,’ so sweet to me before ;
And dogs of other men shall wake,
The sleepy beast in yander brake !
But what's the use ? I've hed my day—
A long one, too, and full of play ;
I reckon, though my life is rough,
I've hed of pleasure quite enough !

I've lived in every limb and vein,
 In heirt and head, and kain't complain,
 When the Great Captain calls, to lay
 My rifle down, and leave the prey!—
 Put out my boys, and with a will,
 We'll brush these woods that lie in sight;
*While day-light lasts, be doing still,
 The secret for sweet sleep at night!"*

The best and, perhaps, whole philosophy of life lies in these two last lines; and the philosophy of Fuller was throughout precisely that of Jim Fisher. They had like natures, and had been brought up in the same school, and gone through similar experiences. Indeed, Fuller had been, at fifteen, a pupil of Fisher at sixty. He, too, looked upon the grand scenery of these mountains and their great cavernous hollows, sublimely sad and solitary, only as a "*world of meat*," from which he and his children were to draw their supplies for a long future. He had no such sublime feelings, no such delicate sympathies, as made love, with Mike, a thing of sentiment, and which, without impairing his abilities as a hunter, still lifted him into a certain degree of superiority beyond his occupation and associates.

Mike listened in silence to the scheme of hunt for the morning; and assented without hesitation; but, after a pause, and while they were waiting for the first grey streaks of the dawn, he said:

"I wish you, Sam, to make the drive a short one, and brush through it as rapidly as possible. If we have luck enough to kill one buck, I shall leave you, perhaps, for the rest of the day."

"Well? What about?"

"And if we get a buck, I'll take it with me, Sam."

"Ah! well, yes, to be sure!"

"I propose, Sam, to take it as a present to Mrs. Carter."

"Ah! Mrs. Carter?—Well!"

"I think I will pay her a visit to-day, and wish to carry her a present!"

"Very good! Jist to ease the way, as a body may say."

"Exactly! Now, Mike," said Sam, suddenly dropping the butt of his rifle upon the ground, and confronting Mike where he stood—both having alighted from their horses—

"Now, Mike, you know well that I don't make or meddle with the courtships of other people, and I haven't said a word to you about your'n. I've left that for Mattie to do, and she's got a long tongue in her head, and, perhaps, has given you more talk on the subject than you've been altogether willing to hear. I've warned her more than onst again it; bat she's your sister, and has a nateral right to say more than any other person."

"She has not said too much, Sam," was the mild answer of Mike.

"I'm glad of it! but *I'm* guine to say something now, Mike and you won't think hard of it, ef I say that you'll be a bloody fool to let that gal, or any gal, make a cat's paw of you any longer. That old fool, her mother, who is a born nateral, with her swell-head and conceit, is the raal difficulty betwixt you and Rose. Rose would hev hed you long ago, if it twan't for the old mother; and ef so be, you had only plucked up the face and tongue to do the axing. Now, you've been helping to feed that old fool and a l the family, time out of mind; hairdly a week passing that you hev'n't sent 'em, sometimes a whole buck or doe, sometimes a

hafe and sometimes a quarter, and you've gin 'em a matter of a dozen bar skins and buckskins, to make foot cloth's and saddle cloth's. I don't begrudge the giving, but I do begrudge feelin's you waste on sich people, and the sort of way that they treats you a'ter all you've done for 'em. Now, what I wants to say, is jist this one thing, and no other. Bring this hyar business to an eending at onst—one way or the other! It's time to be done with all this mealy-mouthing and hide and seek. Ef the gal's only skittish, why you kin bring her to tairms by a straight up and down axing the question! Ef it's so that she *kaint* like you, she'll then hev to say it outright! and, ef you're sensible, you'll hev the answer straight away, and no more twistings and turnings, and doublings, like a fox that you kaint drive into his hole. Ef she's playing with you at whoop and call, and with a dozen other men jist the same—what the women folk calls coquetting, and find quite funny—why I'm of the notion that that sort of thing shows cold blood and nothing better, and I'd as soon marry with a black snake as with a cold-blooded, cunning, calculating woman, that plays with an honest man's hairt, jist as ef she had none of her own! To make an eend of it, I'd hev you go to it this very day, jist as ef it was a piece of solid, square business, and hed no feelin' in it. Ef you kaint git rid of the feelin' for the gal, don't let her play upon the feelin, as ef 'twas a cane pipe or a cornstalk fiddle. Don't you do any more dancing to her pipe; but pipe short yourself, and say it in jist as few words as you kin git it in:—

Will you and be blessed?" and if

you won't, then you be ——! And so you git a downright answer; no matter how, no matter what, and whether you likes it or not, it's best ef you makes an eending. Ef 'taint what you like, grin and bear it like a man. It's monstrous wicked of her to be playing off her airs and graces on a strong, big man like yourself, a man that kin wrastle with a brown bar, and aint afraid to use a short knife in opening a painter's (panther's) jacket, with such a hole as no horn-button kin stop up! Have done with it, I say, and make *her* have done with it too, and so bring the matter to an eending somehow, though you git the sack to carry. Now, don't you be vexed, Mike, for my speaking to you in this fashion, but I kaint help it. It's a monstrous thing to my mind, and it makes me fair sick, to see a strong, tall man's hairt, big as a buffalo's, worried to fiddle-strings, by any woman minx, no matter how purty a face she hes, and how many fine curls she carries at her back. Don't be vexed, Mike, at what I say, I'm your fiend ef you ever had one, and the best friend you hev, no matter who t'other one may be!"

Mike Baynam heard him patiently, and answered him very good-naturedly at the close, saying, as he put his hand on the shoulder of the other—

"Your a good fellow, Sam, and I'm not such a bad one as to quarrel with a friend who means well and gives me advice. In such matters, however, no man can rightly understand or answer for the feelings of another, and you must suffer me to go my own way, though it may happen to be against your better judgment. I may say this to

you, however, that I have already resolved to bring this matter to a close, and will probably pursue the very course which you counsel. At all events, I have resolved to exercise my *will* more earnestly than I have yet done, and assert that courage, which no man should suffer to sleep, whether his trouble come from man or woman! Enough! say no more about it!"

"The east brightens, all the stars have gone, and we'll soon have it

light enough for the brush. You will go down the hollow and drive. Send Tear-Coat ahead of the other hounds. His nose is best of all the dogs, and so are his legs. I'll take my stand behind the Devil's Prayer Book" [a great black flat boulder on the side of the mountain].—"Work slowly down the hollow on the east, so that the sun when he rises shall be in the faces of the beasts. Remember, Sam, a short drive and a rapid one."

THE ENSHRINED.

Enshrined within my heart there ever lies
 An image rare,
 A being of angelic soul and eyes,
 And form most fair.

A form voluptuous, as the world might say,
 But not to me ;
 For *mind* claims empire o'er this clay
 For such as me!

For there's no beauty in this dross of earth
 To souls like thine ;
 They live the life of the sweet spirits' birth—
 A life divine !

Yet I, a mortal, would not crave the less
 Thy presence here,
 With *all* the charms thou hast to share or bless
 With love sincere.

THE ETHNOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Europe claimed to be Christian; and as Christianity is necessarily the twin sister of civilization, we must know what was that civilization that served as its vehicle—what the state of arts and sciences, its evincive product.

The civilized world had just emerged from a religious revolution—the effort of humanity to throw off the lethargic corruptions of the dark ages, like nature passing through a fever to dispel miasmatic poisons from the organic system, leaving the mind of men too much occupied with the fruits of the disease to spend itself on aught else. Therefore, the only progress made from the days of Huss and Wickliffe to those of Cranmer was religious, or, more properly, theological; and Protestantism divided the then western world with Rome.

In this, however, we see no advance made by Christianity. It was but plowing the ground for the seed, and the moral atmosphere was yet filled with the exudations of the corrupted earth. This was necessarily the result of such a conflict as the Reformation; for by it all the worst passions of man were aroused to attack and defence.

Avarice and the unlimited power of the priestly caste were attacked in its possessions by religious fanaticism; and those possessions comprised all that there was of learning, wealth, and power. As the attack,

if successful, was inevitably calculated to destroy the priestly monopoly, partaking of the character of the “irrepressible conflict” between the aristocratic and democratic systems, the rancor was commensurate to the struggle. What there was of practical arts and sciences in the palmy days of Greece and Rome remained in the tomb made by the political power of Roman ecclesiasticism. Intellectual development is ever opposed to sacerdotal rules, and had made no progress. Of the fine arts even the almost deified painters and sculptors of the days of Rome’s greatest power only attest the ignorance and materiality of the minds of their times, when they exhibit the motors of birds on the backs of human beings to express their idea of an angel.

Neither did morality stand higher; the inquisition, the stake, and the faggot eclipsed the gladiatorial shows. The argument of the church was confined to torture, the stake, and the dungeon. And this seems to have been the mental and moral state of Europe when the Bible was wrested from the esoteric grasp of its monopolizers, and was given to the people. Mankind needed centuries of rest and the *perusal of that book* to bring them up from the spiritual darkness of that brutalized era. Yet this was the age that produced the Bible now used; and having thus briefly considered the period when King James was led by

religious bigotry to order a translation of the Word to coincide with his views, let us trace the sources whence the bishops procured it.

We here have solely to do with the Old Testament; and as a full discussion of its origin would involve too much space for the purposes of this article, we will assume that the writings are all of divine origin; that the Pentateuch is the work of Moses, and that the other books were written by inspired men, whoever they may have been. But we desire to treat the subject from a philosophic point of view, and to use both Testaments as our authorities and witness.

First, we find these writings in the custody of a "peculiar people," Deu. xiv., 2, coming, as all peoples have done that progressed, from the East to the West; coming likewise from a different and exclusive family of nations, as shown by their language, from all those other peoples, whom, under the name of the *Aryan* family, overspread and gave the languages of Europe. This so-called Shemitic family of languages comprised four dialects, representing as many nations, the Armenian, the Chaldaic, Phœnician, and Arabic. Its relation to primitive Egyptian is not known. Its literature is wholly Biblical, in which all these dialects are found. These "peculiar custodians" came out of Chaldea, and, after a cycle period of 430 years, settled in Egypt, where another cycle of 430 years passed over them. They journeyed thence westward through the land of Canaan, generally in warfare, another cycle of 430 years. In this period or cycle, under the light of Egyptian astronomy and theology, the first books of Scripture

were produced. The language in which they were written was *sacerdotal*, framed for the purpose, the alphabet used having been invented in the Noahitic family; unlike the Egyptian, framed from the images of animated nature, or the Ninevite, from animals and utensils. This was built upon the external lineaments of man. Then they established their monarchical system in Canaan, which lasted the cycles of 49 and 430 or 480 years. Thence they went into Babylon, when their sacerdotal language, which was grafted as it were upon the Shemitic family, rapidly lost its esoteric character, and became the national tongue, subject to all its natural changes and vicissitudes. Of all these "Shemitic" nations, only this comparatively small family continued its progress westward into Europe, bringing with them the Scriptures, having already given their alphabet to the *Aryan* languages of Europe. With no contemporary literature to aid in recovering the Mosaic Hebrew, it was natural that in the material age preceding and covering the first centuries of the Christian era, the spiritual import of these writings should be smothered in the Egyptian and Babylonish traditions of natural events in keeping with the mental state of the age. Twice, we are told, the text itself was lost; and when Ezra was commissioned to recompose the books, and read them in Hebrew to the people, none understood, and they had to be explained by him as he proceeded, thus showing the phonetic transformation even so early as his day, 500 years B. C. Yet this language is so wonderfully framed, and the text so curiously

guarded under the Levitical law, that few corruptions could creep into it, nevertheless leaving it susceptible of an entire corruption by new and perverting vocalizations, eventually fastened to the theology of the Christian era by Jewish traditions.

While in this corrupted state, 275 years B. C., the translation into Greek, known as the Septuagint, was made by the Jews, who had already changed, by their acquired vocalization, the interpretation of the Scripture in keeping with the material and gross tenor of the age, and in agreement with their vulgar tongue, which bore about the same relation to Hebrew that a *patois* Italian does to classic Latin, or modern to Attic Greek. This language might be called the Jewish tongue; and while the Christian looked to the Jew for Hebrew, he gave him the Judaice, which he has swallowed, traditions and all, for from these alone has the Jew made up his interpretations. The original sacerdotal Hebrew was of simple vocalization, a language of the eye and signs, for the priest to read, and render into the surrounding vulgar tongue for the people, dealing largely in symbols and allegory, as is the manner in the East even to the present day. The Jews, like all preceding nations, have adopted the symbols and lost the substance; and in their Judaice language, yclept Hebrew, the controlling feature is vocalization, as may be found in all their grammars.

In this state of the language, when grammarians after the Reformation began its resuscitation, they naturally turned to the Septuagint to ascertain how the Jews rendered

this or that word, not having ascertained the fallen state of Hebrew at the period of its birth; and in this manner we have all the crude traditions fastened upon the Bible, until large portions of the Old Testament have been rejected by many men of enlightened minds as too puerile or vulgar to be received. Fortunately, however, for the Christian world, if this book was inspired by a divine author, he doubtless will protect it, and restore it in his own good time; and it is within the scope of man to have it, for, as before observed, the framework is so peculiar, with its bylitteral and triliteral roots and stems, whose meanings are mostly to be found, in them we have the Hebrew unchanged in the text by the Judaical vocalization.

Thus we behold the Christian world content to ride in the car of Jewish tradition. This is the more astonishing when we see how they are characterized by the Divine author of Christianity. In Matt. xv., 3, he says, "Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition?" And in the sixth verse: "Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your traditions." And in Mark vii., 9, "Full well ye frustrate the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition."

Now, among their traditions was a system of theology and certain historical ideas relative to creation imbibed from the Egyptians. Moses, who was learned in their literature, doubtless understood their symbolic import, but the masses of both Hebrew and Egyptian saw only the material forms best adapted to their mental status. Thus a serpent with his tail in his mouth formed a cir-

cle, emblemizing eternity, hence God, but the shadow only remained with the people, and they worshipped the reptile. Therefore, we find under this type the Egyptian religion stigmatized in Gen. iii, 1: "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field."

Another traditional idea was that God created the world in six periods, making man in the last. We are told there is to be seen in the Abbott Collection of Egyptian Antiquities, in the Library of the Historical Society, a papyrus illustrative of this, wherein Osiris is shown performing the work in six parts; in the latter, having worked up a man from the clay, he is placed upon a table, and the god, with distended cheek, is about to blow into him the breath of life.

Although the hieroglyphics on this memento cannot be deciphered, yet we are not left without its probable age, for the Egyptians had a very reliable way of affixing dates; that is, by a picture from the sidereal heavens at the time, and on this a configuration of planets that fixes its date at a period previous to Moses.

This by no means conflicts with the verity of the Mosaic account of the beginning, but it accounts for the traditional nature of its interpretation by the followers of Moses. Thus do we find the sources whence the James version was drawn, as well as its contemporaries, which although ostensibly translated from the original Hebrew, yet that so-called Hebrew received its interpretation by the agency of the Septuagint; and returning to the early part of the seventeenth century, having already reviewed the brutal-

ized character of the moral man, we look in vain for a higher intellectual state. The mental man walked only in the paths of light literature, and the pure English of the translation has been its saving merit. The sciences had not yet attracted his efforts. Three of these, of which we have especial use, were not yet born. They are geology, philology, and ethnology. The first, after struggling successfully through its early years in a conflict with theological traditions, is now seen to confirm the writings of Moses. The second overthrows the tradition that the man Adam is the one father of the human race; or if he was, linguistic laws prove that man, if not primarily of many roots, must have been, if from one, thousands of years older than the garden of Eden. Sustaining likewise the real Mosaic writings—whilst the third, not having made that certainty of progress to bring it into active conflict with false traditions, nevertheless, so far as it has spoken, is not in conflict with Scripture.

In point of fact, we are without any history relative to the creation of the world and of man, save the vague generality, "In the beginning God created," &c. And this is prefaced to the Bible, not so much to tell so obvious a fact, according to the apprehension of men's minds, as to show a certain order of creation which science teaches was naturally observed, which order prevails in all formative processes, and to symbolize under the allegory of the creation of the natural world an analogous moral formation of a human institution or church, developing, through six successive eras, the denouement being the Messianic man.

All that history teaches us is this, whether sacred or profane, that, as far back as it relates, humanity existed, and the world was idolatrous, fetich, and polytheist. This Moses tells us when he says, "In the beginning the *gods* created," &c. None will deny that *Elohim* is a plural noun, the singular being *Eloha*, from the root *El* (which is likewise used), from which comes the Oriental *Alla* of the present day.

Whatever Jewish and Christian theologians may say regarding its use in the plural for the conveyance of the idea of *grandeur*, &c., their teaching is not in keeping with Scripture; for Jehovah is the Unitary God of Israel, and he expressly says, "I am Jehovah thy God" (*Elohi*); "thou shalt not have for thee other *gods*" (*Elohim*) &c., "for I, Jehovah, thy *Elohi*" (god), &c., Ex. xx., 3, 5. Nor has it any analogy in grammar or warrant in the Hebrew language. Jehovah is introduced in the second chapter of Genesis, which is the beginning of the historical details, the first chapter being a preface to the whole, and there, under the formation of Adam, we have the history of the commencement of the spiritualizing process by which humanity was to be regenerated. In that state he is called "Adam," and the active creator is Jehovah. It is he that talks to them in the Garden of Eden, and it is he who instructs Noah, &c.

Before investigating the text, I would inform the reader that among the most prominent errors of our translation is substituting the past and present tense for the future, under the false idea that it treats wholly of the past. Another is the

frequent omission of the article and the word *eth*, under the idea that it is only the sign of the accusative, and the interpolation of words, and even whole sentences, generally marked in *italics*, to conform to the spurious interpretations. The first of Genesis may be literally rendered thus: "In the beginning Gods created *this same* the heavens and *this same* the earth; and the earth was desolate and empty, so that darkness (was) upon the face of the commotion, and the spirit (of) Gods shall brood over the face of the waters," &c.

Here we have the commencement of the allegorical synopsis of the formation of a spiritual edifice or institution for the development of the Messiah, corresponding in its six eras to the history, as detached and divided into cycles, in the historical books of the Bible that contain the chronological and genealogical tree to the Christ; and this so complete and glaring that none could doubt its application when fairly presented in form to the reader.

In the sixth period we read, verse 26, "And (the) Gods said, let us make (form) Adam in our image according to our likeness, and let him have dominion in the increase of the sea (*i. e.* peoples), and in the covered (hidden) heavens, and in the dumb beasts, and in all the earth, and in every creeping reptile upon the earth." Let me here remark that analogy, in the use of these nouns, prove that they are used symbolically. *Eritz*, the *earth*, referring to the institution or church above named; *waters* or *seas* for the peoples of that *eritz*, for the breath

of Gods was upon them; *dumb beasts* the outside false religionists, &c.

Twenty-seventh: "And (the) Gods created the sign of the Adam in his (*i. e.* Adam's) likeness; in the image of (the) Gods created he his sign; to remember and to distinguish created he their sign." We doubt if the words "*Zaker*" and "*Neekbah*" meant *male* and *female* prior to the captivity. This Adam of the sixth day does not refer to the Adam first created; but is he to whom Paul refers in 1 Cor. xv., 45, when he says "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening spirit, and he is the Christ who was formed on the sixth day."

The formation of the first Adam is found in the historical details of the first era, beginning with the fourth verse of the second chapter, the first three verses belonging to the first chapter, or prelude to the whole. The synopsis of this first era is, as before stated, in the five verses of the first, under the symbolism of the primitive creation. We may here remark that the verb *bara* to create, used in the first chapter, does not convey that meaning in its English amplitude, but only to fashion, to form, to carve out, &c. A different verb is used here, however, and a different manifestation of Deity, *i. e.* Jehovah, the one God of Israel; the only God in contact with Israel; he who was subsequently manifested in humanity under the name *Adonai*, or "my Lord."

The details of the first day or era commence thus, verse 4: "These are the generations of the heavens, and the earth in their formation; in

the day Jehovah (of the) Gods made earth and heavens." "And every plant (*speech*) of the field (open or outside country) shall be cut off in the earth (*eritz*), and all the brightness of the field before it shall sprout, for Jehovah Gods had not caused it to rain upon the *earth*, and Adam (was) not to work with the *adamah* (ground)." We have here inserted the primitive as well as symbolic meanings of the words. Sixth: "And a vapor (a surrounding) shall ascend from the earth, and shall give drink with all the face (forepart) of the ground" (*adamah*). Seventh: "And Jehovah (of the) Gods shall form *this* the Adam, dust (dry earth) of the ground (*adamah*), and shall breathe in his nostrils the breath (spirit) of their lives, and the Adam shall be for a live soul." "And Jehovah (of the) Gods shall plant a garden (a protection) in Eden from the beginning (anticipating), and shall place there *this* the Adam whom he shall form." Thus we have the allegorical formation of the Adam as dust of the earth or ground, because Adam is "of the earth earthly;" he represents the material half of man. Therefore, is the name derived from the same root as *adamah* or ground. Moses does not here intend to give us a history of the creation of the human family, but of the church that has to do with it; and we begin with his outward form, the man of the Bible being a dual person. We will soon see how he was designated outside the church, the word Adam being derived from the root *dam* (the *aleph*, we think, is prosthetic, as it frequently is in Hebrew), and means red or earthy, hence blood. Thus Adam represents the external

or material man. There are, however, four other words indifferently rendered man, regardless of their shades of meaning. The Bible history is evidently one of his moral development. This man Adam was subject to death; he is material; and Paul refers to him thus, 1st Cor. xv., 22: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." The Christ here refers to a living man, and we will soon find him as the inner or spiritual man. The force of this theory will be more easily appreciated when we call to mind the pivotal Christian doctrine, "Ye must be born again" (*i. e.* from above).

We have left Adam in Eden, and under the allegory of abstracting a rib, the church is presented by the word Eve or life. Then we read, 4, 1, "And the Adam shall know *this* same, Eve his wife, and she shall conceive and shall bring forth *this* Cain, and shall say, Thou shalt get me *ish* with Jehovah." "And she shall add to the births *this* his brother, this same, Abel" (*i. e.* a breathing), "and Abel shall be a pasturer of the flock, and Cain was a worker of the ground." The name Cain signifies to get and possess, being named by a play upon the verb *kana* to get, as frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus Cain represents the material man, and the mother, looking forward to life, has added thereto a new birth in Abel, who is an *ish* or the spiritual man. We then have the allegorical lesson of the material man suppressing the inner man, by the death of Abel, Adam being the victim of death again. And we reach the 25th verse, reading, "And Adam shall again know *this* his wife, and she shall

bring forth a son, and she shall call *this* his name Seth; for the Gods have appointed (*Seth*) for me other seed instead of Abel, for Cain slew him." "And to Seth also shall be born a son, and he shall call this his name *Enosh*; then was the tarrying to call on the name of Jehovah." This is the third word rendered man. Some lexicographers consider it the primitive word from which *ish* is a corruption. We cannot find it so, however. The consecutive introduction of the words, at one stage of the writing, forbids it. On the contrary, we consider it means the perfected, dual man, *Adam* and *ish* combined, and called *Enosh*. The latter passage of the verse confirms this view, for it evidently has reference to the fact that the line of Messianic progenitors beginning here is marked by a chain of eighteen mothers and thirty-six sons, at whose birth this peculiar phraseology she "proclaimed (*Kera*) his name," &c., which phrase is not incident to the other numerous births. It begins with *Seth*, the foundation pillars, and ends with Jesus. And, moreover, there are broken links in the chain, for Noah, the third son or builder, dies before Isaac, the fourth one, is born; hence Sarah is called barren, for there was no son or builder (the words being synonymous) in the church. There are collaterals in the line that are not direct progenitors who have this prelude to their names, the total being eighteen mothers, twelve of whom are the direct progenitors, and thirty-six sons, of whom twenty-four seem to be progenitors; but this feature belongs to an extended review of the man *ish*. We have now seen the words *Adam*, the ex

ternal man; *ish*, the *inner*; and *Enosh*, the dual man; all indifferently translated man. It is not likely that a language so meagre as the Hebrew should use not only these three, but yet two others, to express the idea of our one English word, man. The text, even as distorted into English, forbids it; for, previous to the birth of Seth, at Adam's 130th year, we find Cain going forth, saying, "Behold! thou hast expelled my sign this day from the face of the *adamah* (not earth) and from thy face; I shall be hidden, and thou wilt make me a wanderer and a fugitive in the earth (*eritz*), and all that meet me shall smite me." Whereupon Jehovah says, "Every one that smiteth Cain, he shall be avenged sevenfold, and Jehovah shall appoint a sign for Cain," &c. And he went forth and built a city, and obtained a wife, &c. Now, whom did he marry, and how came the inhabitants of his city in one century from the one Adam? This we see is nonsense. Therefore, the writer does not try to leave the inference as received in the popular tradition, but directly teaches the contrary; and farther on, he specifically tells us what he calls the aboriginal man. Under the traditional allegory of the flood of waters a regular church organization is formed with the Noahtic dispensation. In this also the true reading has been drowned in tradition. The apparent cause of this change from the Adamic state to the Noahtic system, seems to be set forth in the first verses of the sixth chapter: "And it will be, that as the Adam shall be waiting to multiply upon the face of the *adamah*, that they will bring forth daughters to

themselves; and the sons of the Gods shall see *these same* the daughters of the Adam that they are good to behold, and they will take to themselves women of all whom they choose."

"And Jehovah shall say, my spirit shall not be subjected in Adam forever, *in that he also is flesh*, yet his days shall be 120 years." "The Nephilim (*i. e.* the fallen) were in the earth in those days, and also afterwards, when the sons of the Gods shall come unto the daughters of the Adam, and they shall bear to them: these were the *geberim* (men) who were from the hidden past—the reputed men (*Enoshi*).” Here we are directly told who the pre-adamites were; they were called *geber*, sometimes rendered *strong man*. The Persian "Glebers" may come from this name. The purport of these verses would seem to be condemnatory of practices indulged in by the Adamic females somewhat similar to modern spiritualism, whereby they gave themselves up to the control of spirits, who were regarded in the popular mind as the sons of gods. This furnishes a foundation for the prohibitory laws concerning them promulgated by Moses.

We yet have another man to consider, and he is "*Meth*." The word is found in the plural in 2 Deu. 34, and elsewhere, *Methim*, and probably in the singular, with its significance overlooked. It forms part of the names Methusael and Methusalah; its relative meaning to humanity must be conjectural. Yet from its analogous use I think it signifies *dead men*, or, as modern theology would term it, "dead in trespasses and sin;" for in Methusael, the off-

spring of Cain, we may read man of *sheol* or *hades*; and in Methusaleh we read man of the *weopen*, and he lived to and perished in the flood; *i. e.* in the year of the institution of the Noahitic dispensation. The primary meaning of the word itself is *death*; hence we find it coupled with the goddess *ashteroth*, as Metuastartus, or men of *astarte*, who, being idolators, were considered dead.

To any one conversant with the history of languages, or of Hebrew in particular, it were folly to maintain that these five terms are used to express the abstract idea conveyed by the English word *man*. This view, however, has neither been taken by the translators nor any of the numerous commentators, nor even the grammarians. This remark applies equally to the words rendered promiscuously earth, world, and ground, a careless confusion obtaining between the words *eritz*, earth, and *adamah*, ground.

Three only of the five words used for "man," however, are of general use. They are Adam, *ish*, and Enosh, the former mostly in the singular, and the latter in the plural. *Ish* is the man of the Noahitic dispensation; his history would comprise a separate article. Suffice it here to say, that he is the representative of the living man, the inner principle, and is doubtless from the root *Ish*, the substantive verb *to be*, *to exist*, &c., the *aleph* being prefixed according to its frequent use; while *Jehovah* is from the verb *Haya* to be, for he says he is, "I AM." From the roots *ish* and *Haya* combined comes the name *Hoshea*, whom Moses called *Jehoshua*; hence it became corrupted to *Joshua*; thence in the Babylonish Hebrew to *Jeshua*; and

in Syriac to *Jesus*. A branch from the root *ish* we likewise find *isher* or *Jesher*, right, straight, approved, &c. Thus the name *Israel* means approved of God.

The significance of the terms used for *man* may be clearly traced in their relative use. Thus, in Gen. xviii., 2: "And he (Abram) shall lift up his eyes, and shall see and behold three *anishim* (men) shall be placed above (over) him; and he shall see, and delight to proclaim them (name them) for the opening of the temple, and the earth shall worship" (*i. e.* them). Here Abram prophetically looks forward to three great spiritual men that shall unfold the spiritual temple, probably Moses, Solomon, and Jesus.

Thus in Num. xii, 3, we read: "And the *ish* Moses was very humble above all the Adam who were upon the face of the *adamah*." Here the first title characterizes the man, and the second applies it to what we see of him. Again, we read in 2d Sam. xxiii, 8: "These are the names of the *geberim* for David."

Then follow a series of names having no root or affinity in the Noahitic or Adamic families. The Ammonite and Canaanite that are mentioned with them doubtless are intended to represent the aborigines of the land. Thus the "Jackmonite," the "Rephaim," the "Emim," &c., are all strangers to the Noahitic tree. In Deu. ii, 10, we find, speaking of the land for the Moabites: "The Emim dwelt there before, a great people, many and large like the Anakim." These nations are here referred to as peoples outside of the Scripture families as pre-existing peoples, and these appellatives are applied to them by the He-

brews as soubriquet; as, for instance, *Rephaim* indicates a dweller in the lower earth or hades, the shades. "Emin" means terrifier, and "Anakim" refers to the neck, either long-necked or chain-necked, &c.; whereas the names of the Biblical families all have relation to the Biblical subjects, largely woven from the words representing *Deity* and man.

The distinction between *Adam* and *ish* is again illustrated after the manner of Cain and Abel, by the twin births of Esau and Jacob, and Pharez and Zarah. The former is in Gen. xxv., 25, badly translated in our Bible. It reads: "The first one shall go forth an Adamite," &c. Therefore, we find Esau thrust out; for he represents the Adam or external man, and the *eritz*, or earth, is the church of the inner man from Noah to Christ, and he is called "Edom," which is the same word "*Adam*," only pronounced according to the Judaical tongue. Again, at the birth of Pharez, Zarah first protruded his hand, and the midwife tied *red* upon it, to mark him as the representative of the material man or Adam; in this instance another word is used to indicate *red*, having no connection with *Adam*.

Before leaving this point, we will refer to another incident connected with Esau and Jacob, told throughout in metaphor, v. 27: "The boys shall be large, and Esau shall be an *ish*, to have understanding to wait, an *ish* of the open country (i. e., outside the church), and Jacob shall be a perfect *ish*, that shall inhabit the temples" (*tents*, doubtful, except as a symbol.) 28: "And Isaac shall love *this* Esau, for patience was in his speech. And Rebekah, she loved

this Jacob. 29: "And Jacob shall be fervid (boiling over) with the seething, and Esau shall come from the fields (open country), he being faint. 30: And Esau shall say unto Jacob, feed me, I pray thee, from this, the Adam, for I faint. Therefore he called his name Edom." Now the food that Esau craved, or the Gentile craved, was *this* Adam, that came forth from Jacob, the second Adam. The reader may think this theory erroneous, seeing that Esau is *ish*, but after the flood all men are properly called *ish*, but Esau symbolizes *Adam*.

But no where are these distinctions so perspicuously set forth as in Job, the Psalms, and some of the Prophets, the office of these books being explanatory of the trunk line of historical books. This, however, is all lost in the translation, which takes great liberties with the text, both by omissions and interpolations. We begin with Job, 4, 17: "Shall *Enosh* be justified of God if his work is better (purer) than *Geber*." And 7, 1: "Is there not, warfare for *Enosh* upon earth, and his days like the days of a hireling." 7, 17: "What is *Enosh* that thou shouldst magnify him," &c. And 10, 4 and 5: "Hast thou eyes of flesh, or seest thou as *Enosh* seeth," "Are thy days as the days of *Enosh*, or thy years as the days of *Geber*." And 11, 11 and 12: "For he shall know bad *melhi* (men), and will behold vanity, and they shall not have understanding." "But *ish* shall be the entrance (gateway), and shall have heart; and Adam shall bring forth the fruit of anger." 14, 1: "Adam that shall be born of woman, his days are cut off, and are full of commotion." And 14, 10: "And

Geber shall die and be overthrown, and Adam shall breathe out (expire), and where is he (or is he not)?" And 12th vs.: "And *ish* is prostrated, and shall not arise so long as the heavens awake not, and they will not arouse from their sleep." And the 14th: "If *Geber* dieth, shall he have life? All the days of my warfare I will tarry until thou shall come and change me." Job himself is thus delineated in the 1st verse: "There was an *ish* in the *land* (*Eritz*) of Uz, his name was Job, and that *ish* was perfect and upright, and revered (the) gods, and eschewed evil." 6th: "And there shall be the day when the sons of the gods shall come to present themselves before Jehovah, and Satan (adversary) shall also come in their midst." The three friends of Job—Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar—represent the three classes, Enosh, Adam and Geber, arguing their respective characters. If the context is read—for which we have not space—in connection with the extracts above given, the distinctions will be demonstrated. There are many others, however, but we will give but one more, and then resort to the Psalms. 35, 38: "For *ish* is as thou in thy wickedness, and for the son of Adam as thy righteousness," showing the bearing of one on the other in life. We will now turn to the Psalms, and in 8, 4 and 5, find, "What is *Enosh*, that thou shouldst remember him, or the son of Adam, that thou shouldst visit him, for he shall be little short of the gods, and splendor and

abundance shall encompass him." And in 80, 17: "Let thy hand be upon the *ish* of thy right hand, upon the son of Adam thou hast strengthened for thyself." And 144, 3:—"Jehovah, what is Adam, that thou shouldst know him? The son of Enosh, that thou shouldst regard him." "Adam is like a wasted breath, his days like a passing shadow." And Isaiah, 51, 12: "I, I, am he to be your comforter, who art thou that shouldst fear me? Of Enosh that shall die, and from the son of Adam a dwelling shall be given."

Without adding to these illustrations, we would merely refer to the book of Ezekiel, where Adoni Jehovah, the humanized manifestation of Deity, discourses with the son of Adam—which phrase occurs in it ninety odd times. The student need but investigate the original to find this position fully sustained.

In translating we disregard the points as features belonging to the Judaical language, which probably is the covering in which these Scriptures were to be carried through the ages of materialism into which the church was destined to pass, in order to develop more perfectly the natural world, until brought up to a standard in harmony with the spiritual.

I would merely remark that I have been careful to insert the article before the words Adam and Elohim, when in the original, and omit it, or mark its imperfection when not there.

"THIRTY-TWO,"

An Improvident Improvisation, addressed to a Married Lady on her thirty-second Birth-day.

BY R. W. WRIGHT.

Most poets sing of sweet sixteen,
 As if *that* age would do ;
 I sing a sweeter, riper age—
 Delightful *thirty-two* !
 The age of beauty rounded out
 As plump as any peach,
 And quite as tempting too, when not
 Too far above our reach !

I sing the age of beauty ripe,
 Of charms mature to clutch,
 Of luscious fruit, and not of buds
 That fade upon the touch ;
 Of woman in her glorious prime,
 With loving heart and true,
 Who wears her years and honors both
 Right well at *thirty-two*.

I sing the age of wit and grace,
 And sweet enchanting wiles ;
 Of faces sparkling o'er with mirth,
 And full of dimpling smiles ;
 Of eyes that look into your own
 As if they'd look you through,
 And set you crazy by their depth
 At charming *thirty-two*.

I sing the graces of the mind,
 That years alone impart,
 Or what is more attractive still,
 The graces of the heart ;
 The virtues that improve by age,
 As generous wines will do,
 That flash far less at "sweet sixteen,"
 Than sparkling *thirty-two*.

I sing of beauty unadorned,
 Of native grace and art ;
 Of love that wins and captivates
 The mind as well as heart ;
 I sing of Cupid, open-eyed,
 Not blind and bandaged too,
 Who, when he wings his brightest shaft,
 Aims well at *thirty-two* !

I sing of woman's crowning dress—
 The virtues that she wears
 With more becoming grace and art
 As she improves in years;
 I sing the sweetest, ripest age
 That man e'er had in view
 When seeking happiness for life—
 The age of *thirty-two*.

I sing the sweetest time of life
 For beauty held in store,
 And doubly sweet as "sweet sixteen"
 As two and two make four;
 The fact is, figures cannot lie,
 And this plain truth is true,
 Exactly *two* times "sweet sixteen"
 Make *one* sweet *thirty-two*!

I sing the glorious honey-moon
 That lasts from year to year,
 And always grows more honey-sweet
 As autumn leaves appear;
 I sing the heart that's always young,
 Whatever time may do
 To nip its fragrance in the bud,
 At glorious *thirty-two*.

I sing the little archer-boy,
 With eyes as roguish bright
 As when he left the skies above,
 And closed the gates of light;
 When Venus bandaged both his eyes,
 And bade the boy adieu,
 Lest he should find a heaven on earth
 In charms of *thirty-two*!

I sing, in fine, the Paphian Queen,
 Whose chariot drawn by doves,
 White-wing'd and pure, would ever seem
 To typify our loves;—
 Loves that approved by heaven's own law,
 And all that heaven holds true,
 Shall make our sweethearts and our wives,
 Both *one* at *thirty-two*!

Let England say "God save the King,"
 Or "Queen," as it may be;
 I sing a nobler sentiment
 For proud America!
 God save our sweethearts and our wives,
 All loving, good and true,
 And we will keep our "honor bright"
 For them at—*thirty-two*!

POLITICAL SATIRES UNDER GEORGE III.

THE literature of politics is a very distinct and a very peculiar one, and is not undeserving of our attention; for, though full of exaggeration and falsehood, it alone gives us an insight into an important part of historical knowledge, that of contemporary political sentiment, and it often throws a light on political motives and causes for which we may look elsewhere in vain. It is a literature which, wherever it exists, strongly marks the independence of the people, and the freedom of the press, yet it varies much, according to times and circumstances. In England, under the commonwealth, it was a bitter war of controversial pamphlets; after the restoration it degenerated into mere personal slander and defamation; and this character was unfortunately more or less preserved until the commencement of the present century. With George II., political caricatures began to be numerous and influential, and these and political satire took a grand development under the eventful reign of George III. Use breeds familiarity, and we derive a strong argument in favor of the freedom of the press from the contrast between the extraordinary influence of such productions in the age when the Government tried to overawe the press, and their utter harmlessness at present, when the press is altogether unshackled. When we cast a retrospective glance over the political writings

of different ages, we cannot but feel the great worthlessness of this literature in general, as a literature, but at times—moments of extraordinary excitement—a few political writings have appeared which deserved to be remembered, and perhaps republished, although even these are too temporary in their allusions to admit of being made very popular at the present day.

The sentiments of George III. were hostile to the Whig party, which had so vigorously supported the House of Hanover on the English throne, and the men who had been accustomed to guide the helm of the state with small interruption since the revolution, were bitterly provoked at the triumph of their opponents. The reign of Bute was assailed in a continual strain of coarse and indecent abuse, which deserved only to be forgotten. The Whigs again obtain a temporary triumph. We pass over the period of the American war, which was followed by the coalition ministry of North and Fox. Then came the India bill, back-stairs influence, the overthrow of the ministry, and the commencement of the long ministerial career of young William Pitt. These events, and especially the Westminster election of 1784, with the political activity of the beautiful and accomplished Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the defeat of Sir Cecil Wray by Fox, drew forth an extraordinary number of carica-

tures and political squibs. Many of the latter exhibited more than usual talent, but one among them gained a reputation which has outlived that of nearly all its contemporaries. John Rolle, one of the ministerial supporters, had acted a very prominent part in the vexatious scrutiny set agoing by the court, after the Westminster election, and one of the cleverest of the Whig writers, a young doctor of laws, named Lawrence, conceived the idea of making him the subject of a supposed epic poem, in which his descent was pretended to be traced from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. This supposed epic was only produced in fragments, imbedded in a witty, and often very ludicrous critique, which first appeared in consecutive chapters in the journals, but was subsequently collected together in a volume, and went through rather numerous editions.

The subject of the pretended epic is supposed to be the invasion of England, by Duke Rollo, who has a child by the wife of a Saxon drummer, and in a secret visit to London is indulged in by the soothsayer, Merlin, with a vision of the future glories of his descendant, Rollo, in the House of Commons. On this canvas is engrafted a running satire on the Tory ministers and their partisans, which is often exquisitely refined and pungent. The style of banter in which the critique is carried on through page after page, may be best illustrated by one or two examples. The first is an extract from the description of the King's chaplain, Dr. Prettyman:

"Our author now pursues his hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of Homer, who always takes the opportunity for giv-

ing a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a labored, but animated detail of the doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the doctor is distinguished, he says:

'Argus could boast an hundred eyes, 'tis true,

The Doctor looks an hundred ways with two:

Gimlets they are, and bore you through and through.'

"This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shows clearly what a decided advantage our reverend hero possesses over the celebrated *ophthalmodoulos* of antiquity. Addison is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances:

'——The great, the important day,
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.'

'The sun grows *dim*, with age,' &c., &c.

"This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them. But how inferior is Addison in this respect to our author?

'Gimlets they are,' &c.

"There is not such a word in all Cato!
How well-known and domestic the image!
How specific and forcible the application!"

The following passage illustrates the manners of the young country members of the House of Commons, who lounged in the lobbies, while it strikes sideways at the habits of inebriety of the prime minister:

"The description of the lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her *Hucsteria*, and, by a dexterous stroke of art, compares her to Shipton's, whose amours with Rollo form the third and fourth books of the *Rolliad*.

'Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,
As bright Shiptonia, late thy amorous care !
Mark how her winning smiles, and watch-
ing eyes,
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries?
Mark with what grace she offers to his hand
The tempting orange, pride of China's
land !'

"This gives rise to a panegyric on the
medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique
censure on the indecent practice of our
young senators, who come down drunk
from the eating-room, to sleep in the gal-
lery.

'O! take, wise youth, th' Hesperian fruit,
of use,
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice.
With this thy parch'd roof moisten; nor
consume
Thy hours and guineas in the eating-room,
Till, full of claret, down with wild uproar
You reel, and stretch'd alone the gallery,
snore.'

"From this the poet naturally slides
into a general caution against the vice of
drunkenness, which he more particularly
enforces, by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late
peril, from the farmer at Wandsworth.

'Ah! think, what danger on debauch at-
tends:
Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temp'rance
to his friends;
How, as he wander'd darkling o'er the
plain,
His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's cham-
pagne,
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate with-
stood,
Had shed a premer's for a robber's blood.'"

The back-stair influence, and the
part which the Marquis of Bucking-
ham had acted in it, provoked the
following sarcastic passage:

"It being admitted that the powers of
the human mind depend on the number
and association of our ideas, it is easy to
show that the illustrious marquis is enti-
tled to the highest rank in the scale of hu-
man intelligence. His mind possesses an
unlimited power of inglutition, and his
ideas adhere to each other with such tena-
city, that whenever his memory is stimu-
lated by any powerful interrogatory, it not
only discharges a full answer to that indi-

vidual question, but likewise such a pro-
digious flood of collateral knowledge, de-
rived from copious and repeated infusions,
as no common skull would be capable of
containing. For these reasons, his lord-
ship's fitness for the department of the Ad-
miralty, a department connected with the
whole cyclopædia of science, and requiring
the greatest variety of talents and exer-
tions, seems to be pointed out by the hand
of Heaven;—it is likewise pointed out by
the dying drummer, who describes, in the
following lines, the immediate cause of his
nomination:

'On the great day, when Buckingham, by
pairs
Ascended, Heaven impell'd, the K——g's
back-stairs;
And panting, breathless, strained his lung,
to show
From Fox's bill what mighty ills would
flow;
That soon, *its source corrupt, opinion's*
thread,
On India's deleterious streams would shed;
That Hastings, Munny Begum, Scott, must
fall,
And Pitt, and Jenkinson, and Leadenhall;
Still, as with stammering tongue, he told
his tale,
Unusual terrors Brunswick's heart assail;
Wide starts his white wig from his royal
ear,
And each particular hair stands stiff with
fear.'

"We flatter ourselves that few of our
readers are so void of taste as not to feel
the transcendent beauties of this descrip-
tion. First, we see the noble marquis
mount the fatal steps 'by pairs,' *i. e.* by two
at a time; and with a degree of effort and
fatigue: and then he is out of breath,
which is perfectly natural. The obscurity
of the third couplet, an *obscurity* which has
been imitated by all the ministerial writers
on the India bill, arises from a confusion
of metaphor, so inexpressibly beautiful,
that Mr. Hastings has thought fit to copy
it almost verbatim, in his celebrated letter
from Lucknow. The effects of terror on the
royal wig, are happily imagined, and are
infinitely more sublime than the '*stete-
runque comæ*' of the Roman poet; as the
attachment of a wig to its wearer, is obvi-
ously more generous and disinterested than
that of the person's own hair, which natu-

rally participates in the good or ill-fortune of the head on which it grows. But to proceed. Men in a fright are usually generous; on that great day therefore the marquis obtained the promise of the Admiralty. The dying drummer then proceeds to describe the marquis's well-known vision, which he prefaces by a compliment on his lordship's extraordinary proficiency in the art of lace-making. We have all admired the parliamentary exertions of this great man, on every subject that related to an art in which the county of Buckingham is so deeply interested; an art, by means of which Britannia (as our author happily expresses it)

'Puckers round naked breasts a decent trimming,
Spreads the thread-trade, and propogates old women!'

These extracts will be enough to show the character and style of the famous Rolliad, which must be read through to be appreciated. Unfortunately, many of its allusions are to persons now so entirely forgotten that it would require a rather copious commentary to make it generally understood.

Several other remarkable political satires came out nearly contemporaneously with the Rolliad. A vacancy in the laureateship, which was filled by the well-known Thomas Warton, gave occasion for the publication of a collection of what were supposed to be "Probationary Odes," written in the names of the ministers and leading men of the ministerial party, in the characters of candidates for the vacant office. Some of them are exceedingly droll, and amusingly characteristic of the pretended writers. The batch of ode writers opens with Sir Cecil Wray, the defeated of Westminster, who was accused of childish incapacity, and of having perpetrated some attempts at poetry of a very laughable kind. We need only give the

opening lines of the ode here fathered upon Wray:

"Hark! hark!—hip! hoh! hoh!

Whart a mort of bards are a singing!

Athwart—across—below—

I'm sure there's dozen a dinging!

I hear sweet shells, loud harps, large lyres—

Some, I trow, are tun'd by squires—

Some by priests, and some by lords!—while Joe and I

Our *bloody hands*, hoist up, like meteors, on high!

Yes, Joe and I

Are em'lous—Why?

It is because, great Caesar, you are clever—
Therefore we'd sing of you for ever!

Sing—sing—sing—sing

God save the King!

Smile then, Caesar, smile on *Wray*!

Crown at last his *poll* with bay!—

Come, oh! bay, and with thee bring

Salary, illustrious thing!—

Laurels vain of Covent Garden,

I don't value you a farding!

Let sack my soul cheer,

For 'tis sick of small beer!" &c.

The Attorney-General (*Pepper Arden*), in a truly legal ode, comes out strong on his domesticities:

"And oh! should *Mrs. Arden* bless me with a child,

A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself, and mild;

The little *Pepper* would some candle lack;

Then think of *Arden's* wife,

My pretty *plaintiff's* life,

The best of candle's made of best of sack!

Let thy decree

But favor me,

My *bills* and *briefs*, *rebutters* and *detainers*,

To *Archy* I'll resign

Without a *fee* or *fine*,

Attachments, *replications*, and *retainers*!

To *Juries*, *Bench*, *Exchequer*, *Seals*,

To *Chancery Court*, and *Lords*, I'll bid adieu;

No more *demurrers* nor *appeals*;—

My *writs of errors* shall be *judg'd* by you."

Major Scott is pre-eminently loyal, and makes choice attempts at the sublime:

"Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws,
 that lay
 Insulting bonds on George's sovereign sway!
 Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,
 To God's anointed, tune the lyre;
 Hail! George, thou all-accomplished King!
 Just type of Him who rules on high!
 Hail! inexhausted, boundless spring
 Of sacred truth and Holy Majesty!
 Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,
 Thou well-built, worthiest, best of men!
 Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—
 Thy pages view thee, and are aw'd!
 Lo! how thy white eyes roll!
 Thy whiter eyebrows stare!
 Honest soul!
 Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair!"

The swearing and blustering Lord
 Chancellor Thurlow is made equally
 to keep up his character; and his
 ode is so absolutely profane, that
 we can venture no further than the
 commencement:

 "Damnation seize ye all,
 Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall!
 Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,
 The wreath that blooms for other brows to
 gair;
 Is Thurlow yet so little known!
 By G—d I swore, while George shall reign,
 The seals, in spite of changes, to retain,
 Nor quit the woosack till he quits the
 throne!
 And now, the Bays for life to wear,
 Once more, with mightier oaths by G—d I
 swear!
 Bend my black brows that keep the Peers in
 awe,
 Shake my full-bottom wig, and give the nod
 of law."

The weight of literary talent was
 now entirely on the side of the
 Whigs, and for several years their
 opponents smarted bitterly under
 these satirical attacks. At length
 the French revolution broke out,
 and the atrocities which accom-
 panied it, and the sanguinary wars
 that followed, produced a reaction
 in public sentiments in England.
 Still the Tory ministers winced un-

der the force of satirical talent
 which was bent against them, until,
 in the autumn of 1707, George Can-
 ning started the "Anti-Jacobin Re-
 view," which was edited by Gifford,
 the author of the "Baviad" and
 "Mæviad," and which was written
 by a knot of young Tory writers of
 no mean talent. Its object was to
 turn into ridicule the French Re-
 publicans, as well as those in Eng-
 land who were supposed to favor
 their sentiments, which the minis-
 terialists insinuated, included the
 whole liberal party. These writers
 (including, besides Canning and
 Gifford, John Hookham Frere,
 Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liv-
 erpool), George Ellis, Lord Clare
 Lord Mornington (afterwards Mar-
 quis of Wellesley), and Dr. John
 Whitaker, "entered upon their task
 with no common spirit. Their pur-
 pose was to blacken their adver-
 saries, and they spared no means,
 fair or foul, in the attempt. Their
 most distinguished countrymen,
 whose only fault was their being
 opposed to government, were treat-
 ed with no more respect than their
 foreign adversaries, and were held
 up to public execration as traitors,
 blasphemers, and debauchees. So
 alarmed, however, became some of
 the more moderate supporters of
 ministers, at the boldness of the
 language employed, that Mr. Pitt
 was induced to interfere, and, after
 an existence of eight months, the
 'Anti-Jacobin' (in its original form)
 ceased to exist."

These are the words of Mr.
 Charles Edmonds, to whom we owe
 a very nice edition of the only part
 of the "Anti-Jacobin" that will
 bear reprinting, its poetry. The

poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin," which comprises some of the best effusions of the witty writers mentioned above, was reprinted in a collective form soon after the "Review" was discontinued; and, always sought after with interest, the original edition had become a rare book. Mr. Edmonds's reprint is not only carefully edited, but it is rendered intelligible to readers at the present day, by a tolerably copious addition of illustrative notes; and this celebrated, though small, collection is now placed so far within the reach of every reader, that it is quite unnecessary for us to enter into any detailed account of it. We need only say, that it contains one or two of the most celebrated pieces in our language, such as Canning's "Friend of Humanity" and the "Knife Grinder," the song of "La Sainte

Guillotine," and others. The "Loves of the Triangles," and the "Progress of Man," written for the purpose of ridiculing Dr. Darwin's "Loves of the Plants," and Payne Knight's "Progress of Civil Society," are among the cleverest parodies of modern times. Tom Moore has said of the two works to which we have been more especially calling attention: "'The Rolliad' and the 'Anti-Jacobin' may, on their respective sides of the question, be considered as models of that style of political satire, whose lightness and vivacity give it the appearance of proceeding rather from the wantonness of wit than of ill-nature, and whose very malice, from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fire-works, explodes in sparkles."

WHAT THE GIRLS ONCE COULD DO.

Time once was when girls could card and spin,
And wash and bake and brew;
But now they have to keep a maid,
If aught they have to do.

I do not blame a bachelor,
His courage must be great,
To think to wed a modern miss,
If small be his estate.

Time was when wives could help to buy
The land they helped to till,
And sadd'e Dobbin, shell the corn,
And ride away to mill.

The bachelor is not to blame;
If he's a prudent man,
He must lead a single life,
And do the best he can.

VALUE OF THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.*

THE manner in which modern discovery has dealt with the sepulchral relics of Egypt, reminds one of the old story of the Rosicrucian vault, into which, as the unhappy excavator advanced, an armed figure seated at the coffin rose and shattered into a thousand pieces the lamp which had been illumining for centuries the secrets of the grave. It is true that many remarkable objects have been discovered which, had it been possible to have left them *in situ*, would have rendered it comparatively possible to obtain a connected view of the development of ancient Egyptian belief in some of its most interesting fields. But they have been dispersed over the museums of civilized Europe and America; no record has been preserved of the circumstances of their discovery, of the position, or often even of the localities in which they were found, and they have thus become, in some respects, merely tantalizing curiosities. Mr. Rhind has done his best to find out some tombs which had been hitherto untouched, and to describe, before it should be too late, the exact phenomena which they presented. His search has been less successful than his great industry and perseverance merited, yet he has certainly obtained a few very curious and important results; and the process of depredation has been going on from so remote a

date that this limited success ought to content the modern investigator. As Dr. Davis lately found at Carthage that the ruins must have been carefully searched even before the close of the Roman period, so the richly-stored sepulchres of Egypt tempted the cupidity of times which to us are ancient, but are recent indeed when compared with the primeval antiquity of Thothmes I. or Amunoph III. Mr. Rhind refers to a papyrus translated by Letronne, dated under Philometer and Euergetes II. (180 to 116 B. C.), "in which an official owner of tombs, called there a Colchytus, complains to a Theban magistrate that one which was his property had been broken open and rifled." When we recollect the extent to which the Egyptian religion was adopted by the Roman conquerors—"sacrorum sacrilegorum quibus tota fere Romano nobilitas inspirabat populo jam et omnigenum deum monstra et Anubem latratorem," is the expression of St. Augustine (*Conf.* viii. 2), 300 years after Juvenal had satirised the superstitions—we may well suppose that even in Roman times Egyptian relics must have been in sufficient request to make spoliation frequent. Since then, there are proofs extant that the same destructive agencies were more or less at work in the Middle Ages; and of late, with the increased interest in

*Thebes: its Tombs and their Tenants, ancient and present; including a Record of Excavations in the Necropolis. By A. Henry Rhind, F. S. A. (London.)

Egyptian antiquity, and the increased facilities for traveling, they have gone on with greater rapidity. The lamentable zeal with which Lord Elgin stripped the metopes of the Parthenon has been to a not inconsiderable extent exhibited in Egypt by such illustrious explorers as Champollion and Lepsius, who may justify themselves perhaps by the insecurity of the monuments in a barbarous country, though they increase the confusion amidst which the records can at best be studied. This state of things makes the conscientious exertions with which Mr. Rhind sought to discover and describe an intact sepulchre the more meritorious and important. His operations were carried on during the winter and spring of 1856-57 in the Necropolis of Thebes, where he caused a part of the ground to be excavated, the difficulties of which were likely to have deterred former explorers. The choice proved so far fortunate that a sepulchre was found containing the sarcophagus of a Theban dignitary of the date B. C. 9, with all appurtenances undisturbed, though, what is remarkable, the sepulchre chosen for the last resting-place of this personage had belonged, ages before his time, to other occupants, whose remains had been dislodged at some period not ascertainable. A few of the more interesting particulars are as follows:—After many weeks of labor, a doorway was uncovered in the face of the rock, plastered with clay, impressed in rows with a large seal bearing an *oval*, which exhibited the name of King Amunoph III. This doorway, however, contained an aperture, which led Mr. Rhind to anticipate rightly that this sepul-

chre had been rifled in earlier times. The tomb was a large rectangular chamber, forty to fifty feet in each direction, with six square rock pillars supporting the roof. At one of the inner corners there was a sunk passage leading to another vault, which had also previously been opened. The floors were strewn with bones, fragments of mummy-boxes, and mummies, their wrappings ripped up along the throat and breast. Among the rubbish were found fourteen small wooden tablets inscribed with the names of princesses of the family of Thothmes III., who died towards the close of the sixteenth century B. C. These tablets, which are of a kind commonly attached to bodies, cannot, however, Mr. Rhind thinks, indicate the actual sepulture of princesses of such rank, as the other arrangements were of inferior kind, but may have belonged to dependents of the royal house. After this rather disappointing result, further clearings having been made along the same face of rock, another doorway was at length exposed, and entrance effected into a chamber eight and a half feet broad, eight feet high, and fifty-five feet in length through the rock. The walls were plastered with clay; and about half way in the chamber stood a singular object, a sort of funeral canopy of wood, painted in bright colors, and in perfect preservation. Mr. Rhind has given a beautiful facsimile of this very curious catafalque. Near it were four fractured stones, cut in imitation of viscera vases, with heads of the genii of the Amenti; and a double statue in limestone, two feet high, with inscriptions showing that it represented a mili-

tary officer attached to the police of the temple of Amun-ra at Thebes, with his sister. This, too, was broken ; so it is plain it belonged to the earlier occupant of the tomb. Mr. Birch refers it to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty. There were also two amphoræ, and a large clay platter with dry mortar. There were, besides, discovered two passages diverging from the chamber, and another opening, secured by a massive wooden door, locked, and built up half its height with large stones. On searching the passages, two cells were found, not of large size, and containing mummy-cases all in confusion, which had evidently been previously rifled. A coarse terra-cotta lamp was lying about, with blackened nozzle and wick half exhausted, the light of which had aided the plunderers of this sepulchre perhaps 2,000 years earlier. Lastly, the massive door, which had not been opened since the days of Augustus Cæsar, was cleared and unbarred. It opened on a tunnel, nearly six feet in height, and cut through the rock for seventy feet. There were two cells at its sides, which had been rifled like the others; but it terminated in a shaft twenty feet deep, above which there was a structure of strong beams, with ropes suspended over them, which had no doubt served for the operation of lowering the dead into their last abode. On descending into this shaft, the explorers found six chambers, extending, two of them cross-wise, and three longitudinally, in each direction from the shaft. Of these, four were, comparatively speaking, of less interest. In one there was a large mummy-case containing the remains of a man and

of a young girl, the latter with bracelets of bronze or copper, and anklets and an ear-ring of the same, whitened with silver or tin. Above the knees of the mummy-case, on the outside, were the bodies of two very young children. But the mummy-case itself had evidently belonged originally to some much earlier occupant. The lid had been wrenched off; the wooden slips which had secured it had been torn away. By the side of this mummy-case was a deal box containing an undecorated mummy. Evidently the dead who here reposed had not been persons of distinction. But in a chamber fronting the shaft there was a much more remarkable discovery. There lay in it a massive sarcophagus of dark granite, unpolished. Beside it lay the rollers the workmen had used in moving it. These were made of the fragments of older mummy-cases, in the style of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. There was a tall jar at the doorway of this vault filled with nuts of the Dom palm; at the head of the sarcophagus the body of a small dog, much like an Italian grayhound, a mummied ibis, a small model of a hawk made of folds of linen gummed together, and a ball of bitumen of three or four inches diameter, in which was embedded a coiled snake. All these Mr. Rhind refers to the symbolism of the Egyptian religion, and understands the dog to represent Anubis, to whom was assigned the function of guiding the departed soul from the present life to the next; the ibis, Thoth, who recorded for Osiris the deeds of the deceased; and the hawk, Horus, who ushered those who were saved into the presence of Osiris. The snake was sa-

cred to Amun. Such was the singular spectacle which revealed itself under the stalactite-covered vaults. On removing the lid of the huge sarcophagus was found a mummy covered, above and all around, with bitumen, which had been poured hot into the sarcophagus, which was entirely filled with it. On carefully peeling this from the outer wrappings of the mummy there was found on the head of the body a circlet of gilt copper with eleven bay-leaves of thin gold attached to it. The outer cloth of the mummy was painted a diagonal pattern of the earlier style, though Mr. Rhind says it appears to have been popular in the Greek and Latin period. Imbedded in the bitumen were small plates of gold, some in the shape of winged scarabæi, and various emblems of vitreous composition. On the left side was deposited a large ritual, which, on examination by Mr. Birch, was proved to be of great philological importance, not being an extract from the well-known Book of the Dead, but compiled from other sources, and ending with the "Book of the Lamentations of Isis," consisting throughout of a bi-lingual version, demotic and hieratic. It also contained details concerning the history of the deceased, from which it appears that his name was Sebau, that he held certain offices in the royal household; that he was the son of Menkara, a captain of soldiers in Hermonthis, lord *repa-pa*, monarch and governor of the city, and priest of the local deity of Mentu or Mars, lord of Hermonthis. He was born on the 28th of the month Athyr, in the 13th year of the reign of Ptolemy Philopater III. (B. C. 68); died in the 21st year of

Cæsar (Augustus) at the age of fifty-nine (B. C. 9); and was embalmed from the 10th to the 26th of the month Epiphi. In one of the chambers adjoining the vault in which this mummy was found was a case containing the mummy of the wife of Sebau. Here, too, was found a papyrus corresponding to that attached to the body of the husband, and containing the names and genealogy of the deceased, with an abridged version of the Lamentations of Isis.

Such is the most remarkable of the discoveries which rewarded the pains of Mr. Rhind. But, after all, so laborious a pioneer of Egyptology ought neither to be disappointed nor to fail to meet with his deserved praise, if he had done little more than save his successors useless trouble. For example, he tells us that, having dug at every available spot in the Bab-el-Molook not already searched, he is reasonably confident that no more sepulchres except those already known, exist within its limits; whilst he recommends the Western Valley, which illness prevented his exploring, as probably containing any royal tombs of the same series yet to be disclosed.

His investigations in the Theban necropolis have furnished him with a starting-point for an interesting discussion on the general view to be taken of the Egyptian system of sepulture. He argues throughout on the inadequacy of the materials we possess to form a basis for any safe theory on the subject. The imperfection of much of the common embalming; the comparatively small extent of the practice, if we consider what the population of Thebes must

have been ; the rifling of the tombs even in ancient times; and the doctrine of the metempsychosis, which much perplexes the relation of the human soul to its human body so carefully preserved, are all of them elements in the case which embarrass the inferences commonly made from mummification as regards Egyptian belief. So far as Mr. Rhind throws out any opinion, he would refer the predisposing conditions of the practice to the antiseptic properties which might have been noticed in the sand of the desert, and to the necessity of rock sepulture to avoid interment in the corrupting alluvial soil. He also lays much stress on the traces which begin to be discovered, that the Egyptian system of religion was one

which underwent a considerable process of development. It is to be expected that this will become more apparent the more we study the subject. It is always the infancy of knowledge which lumps together ages as stationary. Even China (witness the interesting work of Mr. Meadows on Chinese civilization) has had its growth, and undergone a long series of changes. The China of antiquity will be no exception to the rule. We can but notice a curious chapter on Egyptian metallurgy, treating of the singular absence of iron in the relics; and another on the modern Egyptians, who form a sort of natural appendix to any treatise on old Egypt, like the Romanic race in connection with their Hellenic predecessors.

LAST FALL.

—
BY MISS NELLY MARSHALL.
—

Last Fall, along the quiet street,
With hearts both free and light,
Two of us walk'd and softly talk'd—
Would it were so to-night !

Both of our voices whisper'd then,
Both of our heads bent low,
Both of our hands were closely clasp'd,
Both of our feet stepp'd slow.

Both of our hearts were keeping time
To the fond words we said,
As we wander'd down the street
With the soft stars o'erhead.

Last Fall! only one little year—
One little year has past!
How high have sprung the rough, rank tares
Fate in my pathway cast.

Ah! falls may come, and they may go,
And stars shine soft and bright—
But we will never walk and talk
As on that autumn night !

PHILOLOGICAL BURGLARY.

A THIEF in literature is, by common consent, the meanest sort of a thief. He who plagiarizes, or purloins the thoughts of another, and offers them to the public as his own, is a *petit larcener* whose offense is invariably aggravated by the inferior quality of the article stolen, and who should go into the literary stocks for punishment the moment the theft is discovered, and that without indictment by literary inquest, or presentment by judicial criticism. He is branded as a thief in literature at once, and the brand is thereafterwards as ineffacable as that upon the forehead of Cain. Such, by universal consent, is the judgment of the literary world.

But a *thief* in literature is by no means so mean and dastardly a character as a *burglar* in literature—one who breaks into your literary premises under the cover of the night, or on some deceitful pretext, with the intent not only to commit a theft, but, having committed it, to cover up the felony by substituting a base metal in place of the genuine article stolen. There is a cowardly element entering into this transaction which does not necessarily appertain to the *thief* in literature, and which tends to relieve his crime of much of its moral turpitude in the eyes of the literary public.

But a burglarious entry into one's literary premises may be somewhat relieved of its turpitude by the character of the motive which prompted

it, as well as by the time, place, and circumstances under which the entry was effected. There may be a burglarious *intent* without an actual felony; but there can be no burglarious entry without an intent to commit some sort of felony, and, generally, the meanness of the intent carries with it the dastardliness of the felony. The burglar who seeks to relieve his own pressing necessities, or the importunities of hunger and want in his own family, by breaking into the premises of his more plethoric neighbor, and helping himself to what is absolutely needed for his own and their proper sustenance, is manifestly a respectable character by the side of your professional burglar, who plies his vocation from choice and not from necessity. And even the bold and frontless thief in literature—one who, like Otway, would steal whole pages from Shakespeare without saying so much as "by your leave, sir,"—is a respectable character by the side of your Pecksniffian *dilettant* in literary larceny, who assumes an air of moral grandeur even in the act of picking your literary pocket.

In the Mongrel burglary committed upon Webster's Dictionary, there are all the elements of a burglarious *intent* of the meanest possible character; and the entry having been effected under the cover of a "revised edition" of the great lexicographer's work, the felony which

was committed partook at once of the characteristic meanness of the intent; that is, it became burglariously mean just in proportion to the meanness of the means employed to effect it. Our definition of a literary burglar is one who breaks into a literary work, under the cover of a revision, with the intent to purloin without restitution, which is *simple* literary larceny; or to purloin with it, that is, by substituting his own ideas for those of the author, which may be called *compound* literary larceny. And this last is the character of the larceny committed by the Mongrel professors of Yale College, in their philological depredations upon Webster's Dictionary.

It seems that in the year of our Lord, 1864, seventeen years after the "Revised Edition of Webster's Dictionary" had been given to the world, and twenty-one years after the great lexicographer had been shoveled away among the New Haven dead by the remorseless hand of time, the professors of Yale conceived the idea of getting up a "thoroughly" revised edition of the author's great work. The philological demands of the age seemed to them to require it; the heart of the "Radical" professors was in it, and the necessary literary material was, of course, at their command. This was all well enough, perhaps, if the object had been simply to revise such definitions as were left defective, after having passed through the hands of Johnson and Webster. The fullness and precision given to the definitions of words by these two great lexicographers, both in their primitive significations and their more broadly-derivative meanings, had left, it

is true, but a limited field for operations by our learned professors of Yale; but neither the limited extent of the improvements demanded, nor the difficulties in the way of broader and more explicated definitions to certain scientific and technical terms, deterred our learned professors, as the "self-expounding masters of our language," from entering upon the task before them. The interests of the Mongrel party required that there should be a "tampering" with the definitions of Webster's Dictionary; and who so admirably qualified to do this particular work as the professors of a New England College,

"Where doctors of divinity and laws,
Confound all learning, to explain all cause?"

The philological prestidigitators of Yale were accordingly set to work. The labor to be performed was divided into ten different orthographic branches; and where the professional chair was wanting in the required erudition to do any particular task, the deficiency was immediately made up by a resort to the tutorial throne. One hundred and fourteen thousand words, by actual count, passed through the hands of these manipulators of Webster's Dictionary; and we shall show by what trick and legerdemain some of them were tortured from their original signification, in order to meet the exigencies of the "Radical" party.

Besides, the work was to be pictorially illustrated; and the opportunity to display the classic grandeur of Yale, in the artistic variety and beauty of the thousand and one mythological wood-cuts to be inserted in the work, was too good a one to be lost. And it was *not* lost,

We have in the pictorial volume before us, Vulcan forging his thunder, Jupiter hurling his bolts, Neptune waving his trident, Pluto hugging his Proserpine, Atlas bearing his world, Sisyphus rolling his stone, Pan tooting his pipes, Juno ogling her Mars, with innumerable other gods and goddesses, all appropriately costumed or artistically *nude*, as the circumstances of such might seem to require. So far, so good. We do not object to pictorial illustration, where a better conception is sought to be given by it than by a mere verbal description. For what the learned revisionists have accomplished in this line they have had their appropriate share of praise already, and we would not, at this late day, detract from it. The artists employed to do the work performed their part well, and were, no doubt, properly rewarded in "greenbacks," if not in gratitude, for their services.

But we come now to the "burglarious" character of their work, or rather to the felonious intent of the revisionists, in purloining from Webster, under the cover of a revision, and in substituting their own definitions in place of his, *to subserve the interests of the Mongrel party*. This, we are aware, is a grave charge, and implies something more than "literary larceny" when brought home to the theological professors engaged in the work. It implies political chicanery, tricked out in the cast-off frippery with which the devil played the seducer in paradise, and forcibly reminds one of that unique of all combinations—a cloven foot in a satin slipper! For it is certain that the old arch-Mongrel, the devil himself, resorted to no

more craft, when he went into the apple business with Eve in the Garden of Eden, than is shown by these pious "Radical" tricksters in their manipulations of Webster's Dictionary. We can respect the "Radical" thief who adroitly gets his elbows into Uncle Sam's pockets, and abstracts therefrom a few hundred thousand in greenbacks or government bonds, for his own personal aggrandizement; but when theological professors attempt their "confidence games" with the public, and undertake to filch from us the true meaning of the English language, that they may thereby shield a corrupt political party from the infamy it deserves, and is fast getting, we have no words of abhorrence with which to express our proper appreciation of them. They are unmitigated knaves, who have broken into the domain of literature for the purposes of theft only, and who should receive the bastinado without stint or mercy.

But to the text of these *petit larceners*: Webster gives the following definition of the word CONGRESS:

"The assembly of Senators and Representatives of the United States of America, according to the present Constitution, or political compact, by which they are united in a federal republic; the Legislature of the United States consisting of two Houses, a Senate and House of Representatives."

Definition by the *petit larceners*:

"The assembly of Senators and Representatives of the people of a NATION, especially of a republic, for the purpose of enacting laws, and considering matters of NATIONAL interest, and constituting the chief legislative body of the NATION."

It will be seen, by a reference to the two dictionaries, that the definitions here given are the corresponding ones as to meaning, with

this difference only, that the revisionists have divided Webster's definition into two branches, giving the general definition first, and the particular one of the United States afterwards. It will be further seen that these Mongrel revisionists have effectually ignored the existence of a "political compact" and a "federal republic," so prominently and sharply defined by Webster, and especially the fact that this "compact" (odious word that it is!) united the several States "in a federal republic." The "Radical" usurpations of power required this tampering of the definition at their hands, and the philological tricksters did their work accordingly. But what a stupid and bungling "Presto, change!" What a farce in literary jugglery! The sheerest tyro in political history knows that there is no such general signification to the word *Congress* as that given by these Yale College professors. There is not, never was, and never will be, a NATION on the face of the globe that ever had, or ever will have, a *congress* of its own. By the universal usage and acceptance of the term, it relates to envoys, commissioners, deputies, &c., from *different* courts or nations; and hence its peculiar appropriateness when applied to the Senators and Representatives from the *different* States (or nations) of the United States. The very act of naming our assembly of Senators and Representatives from the *different* States a *Congress*, in the Constitution, shows that the framers of that instrument regarded the several States as separate nationalities, and not as having lost their nationality by being pressed down into any such mongrel concern as this "Radi-

cal" definition would make them. If the professors and tutors of Yale College have no higher claims to literary distinction than they are likely to acquire by this definition, their names will go down to posterity in such a burst of admiration as a universal "*guffaw* from the ages" will accord them.

Webster gives the following definition of COMPACT :

"An agreement; a contract between parties; a word that may be applied, in a general sense, to any covenant or contract between individuals; but it is more generally applied to agreements between nations and States, as treaties and confederacies. *So the Constitution of the United States is a political contract between the States; a national COMPACT.*"

Definition by the petit larceners :

"An agreement between parties; a covenant or contract;—either of individuals or nations."

Here is a definition thoroughly emasculated—deprived of all its masculine strength and vigor—by these pious Mongrel revisionists. Revisionists! shall we call them? Emasculators of the English language, rather—those who would strip it of all its strength and virility. In the case of this definition they have been guilty not only of *petit larceny*, but of the meaner offense of *embezzlement*; and that, where they have been entrusted with the care and custody of the language, or, rather, where they have assumed its care and custody, and given the world assurance that the trust has been faithfully and religiously executed. And why has this thieving been done? What motive prompted them to do this larceny? Why this wholesale embezzlement of definition? Upon what literary meat have these philological Titans

of Yale fed, that they can thus cut up and haggle to pieces the great works of Johnson and Webster? The answer to these questions is to be found in the necessities of the *Mongrel party*; a party that only a few years ago impiously demanded "an anti-slavery Constitution, an anti-slavery Bible, an anti-slavery God," and now demands, with equal effrontery, the abolition of the English language, because it utters too many unpalatable truths against tyranny. And these professors of Yale College lend themselves to the dirty work of meeting their demands.

Webster gives the following definition of CONSTITUTION:

"The established form of government in a State, kingdom, or country; a system of fundamental rules, principles, and ordinances for the government of a State or nation. In *free States*, the Constitution is paramount to the statutes or laws enacted by the Legislature, limiting and controlling its power; and in the *United States*, the Legislature is created, and its powers designated, by the Constitution."

This definition is thus emasculated by the petit larceners:

"The principles or fundamental laws which govern a State or other organized body of men, and are embodied in written documents, or implied in the *Constitutions and usages of the country or society*."

In considering this mutilation of Webster, two things should be definitely borne in mind: first, that the revision was made in 1864, and seemed that the work of revision was professedly undertaken to give "broader and more explicated definitions" to many thousands of words in the English language. This latter undertaking was deemed "an Herculean task," even to the twenty or thirty thousand persons who

were found courageous enough to undertake it. And see how they have broadened and explicated (unfolded the meaning) of this definition of *Constitution* by Webster! What wonderful explication in each line and sentence of the whole definition! How they have explained, interpreted, expounded—brought out the whole hidden sense from the difficulties and obscurities that surrounded it! "Honest Iago" could not have done the thing better, even where honor outlives honesty.

Of all the depredations and rascalities committed on the English language (and God knows how our poor "mother tongue" has suffered before now), this deprivation of its masculinity, by the literary eunuchs of Yale, caps the "far-reaching climax." It has been so obviously done in the interests of the *Mongrel party*, that the mouths of the revisionists are forever closed against an answer. In 1864, the *Mongrel party* had carried its usurpations of power so far beyond the constitutional limitations, that a *new era*, a *new nation*, and a *new dictionary* were demanded by them. They claimed to have furnished (inaugurated) the new era, and the new nation; but appealed to Yale for the new dictionary. It was given to the world just in the nick of time—at the moment when the *Mongrels* seemed on the extreme verge and most perilous edge of controversial existence—and it saved them for the time being, at least, from the "deep damnation" of their final "taking-off." From that time forth they could appeal to Webster's Dictionary—to the great American lexicographer—to show the Constitution was no longer "paramount to the

statutes (the legislation of Congress), but was, even itself, subordinate to the *implied* powers which it conferred upon Congress, or which was constructively conferred upon that usurping branch of the Government by its own usurpational "usages." Observe how suppliantly these revisionists bend the "pregnant hinges of the knee" before this "Congressional Government" of *implied* powers. All that is said by

Webster about "free States," "paramount constitutions," "limited powers of legislation," "legislatures created by constitutions," &c., &c., is implied out of the definitional word by a single stroke of the pen. Oh, most expert revisionists! most wonderful explicators of words! and oh! Shakespeare:

"OTHELLO. Nay, stay; thou should'st be *honest*."

"IAGO. And should be *wise*; for honesty's a fool, and loses that it works for."

PEERLKAMP'S HORACE.*

PEERLKAMP'S Horace is an improved edition of one that appeared about thirty years ago. From the novelty of the criticism and the grave doubts it threw on the genuineness of many favorite Horatian verses, it was then met (as the author himself says) with a perfect storm of hostile pamphlets. It is now reprinted in an extremely elegant form, and though it only contains the Odes, Epodes, and *Carmen Sæculare*, it forms a large octavo, very copiously annotated, of above 400 pages.

We will not stop to notice in detail, though we mention it with pleasure, the remarkable purity and elegance of Peerlkamp's Latinity. We introduce him to the reader simply as an enthusiastic admirer of our Bentley, whom, however, he is not afraid to out-Bentleyize, if one may use so strange an expres-

sion, in his attacks upon received readings. He says himself of his own more juvenile efforts in Horatian criticism, that when he first saw Bentley's Horace, and found he had been anticipated by him in so many points, he flung aside his own notes in a kind of peevish despair. "*Lectis autem Bentleyi, omnis plane labor meus, quem jam aliquot annos Horatio impenderam frustra fuit. Nonnulla enim, quæ superiorum diligentiam effugerant, ego autem me primum invenisse arbitrabar, non effugerant acutissime cernentem Britannum, cujus ego sagacitatem et doctrinam repetita lectione ita admiratus sum, ut in magno pudore et desperatione Horatium et omnia Horatiana, mea abjicerem.*" The question how much value attaches to criticism of this kind, in which two scholars independently agree, cannot easily be determined by the law of chances; but it must ever constitute a high degree of probability that they are right.

* *Horatii Flacci Carmina*. Recensuit P. Hofman Peerlkamp. A new edition. (Amsterdam.)

Our author, however, begins with a theory, and shares, perhaps in common with most men, the danger of going very far in forcing facts to suit it. He says that on reading Horace, nay, studying him, lecturing on him, and making himself as familiar as possible with his writings, he still found difficulties in explaining many parts of the odes. Was the fault, he asks, a natural obscurity of the writer? But the best Roman poets did not fail in this respect to their contemporaries. Was it ignorance in the reader? But the study of half a life precludes this supposition. Was it the fault of his interpreters? The most learned men, in hundreds, had devoted themselves to the task. Were the MSS. corrupt? But they presented only trifling differences. If none of these were the causes, then,—he jumps to the conclusion,—Horace's odes must have been extensively interpolated. This, then, is the key to the present edition. The supposed spurious passages (which are extensive and extremely numerous) are printed throughout the text in italic characters.

Peerlkamp assures us, however, that he did not rush into print with his *expurgated Horace*, but he kept it by him a long time, both to reconsider his own views and discuss them with other scholars. He gives us in his preface many sound and sensible reasons for believing that the works of Horace, which were left uncollected, and not even finally finished, at the rather sudden and premature death of their author, would be largely tampered with in the first century or two after Christ. The works of Horace and Virgil were, we know, actually taught to

the boys in public schools as early as the end of the first century.

Among other probable sources of interpolation, Peerlkamp enumerates the lyric poems of authors either contemporary with, or a little later than, Horace, and probably themselves more or less his imitators—such as Antonius Rufus, Titus Septimius, Passienus Paulus, Cæsius Bassus. “*Suspicio nonnulla horum Lyricorum carmina, quæ in tabernis jacerent intacta, hic illic Horatianis accessisse, eaque additamenta in optimis habenda, qualis est oratio Europæ.*” (Od. iii. 27, 37 seqq.) He cites the authority of the younger Pliny (Ep. ix. 22) to prove that Passienus Paulus was “a second Horace” in lyrical compositions, and he shows several causes why a confusion between the genuine and the interpolated might easily have occurred in the early ages. In some instances, he thinks, professed imitations of the lyric style of Horace, for which prizes were offered, have become incorporated with the genuine odes. The many fires which occurred during the reign of the post-Augustan emperors, and which destroyed temples, houses, and libraries, public and private, would, he contends, soon have obliterated, especially when added to civil wars and seditions, the authentic copies of the most celebrated Roman writers, and left only fragmentary and interpolated ones.

All this, of course, is but conjecture. The remarks apply equally to every work of antiquity, not excluding the Scriptures themselves. We do not see the argument can ever be carried beyond the limits of a kind of plausibility; for, on the other hand, there is the remarkable

uniformity of every known MS. in support of our Vulgate texts. And that cannot be lightly set aside; for if the process of extensive corruption and interpolation set in so early, why should it have wholly ceased during the last thousand years and more, to which our existing MMS. extend, and in which no material differences occur?

If Peerlkamp's theory be true, or even approximately true, we must resign at once somewhere about a fourth or a fifth of the matter which has hitherto passed for Horatian. What then? It is at least matter nearly as ancient, so nearly equal in merit as to have raised no suspicion of its genuineness for eighteen centu-

ries, and now so incorporated with our ideas of Roman life, and history, and mythology, that we shall never cease to view it as a part of one great and venerable whole. We regard such investigations as eminently useful in their way, because they are exercises of the very highest and acutest critical faculty. Those who will not even listen to reason (and their number is legion) are those of course bound to go on in their conviction that Horace is Horace. We confess that we leave Peerlkamp's book with respect, and conceive that there is a great deal of matter both in his preface and his commentary which is worthy of the best attention of the best scholars.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE-CRY.

Arise, my slumbering soul, arise !
 And learn what yet remains for thee
 To dare or do !
 The signs are flaming in the skies ;
 A struggling land would yet be free,
 And live anew.

The earthquake hath not yet been born
 That soon shall rock the States around
 Beneath their base.
 Immortal freedom's thunder-horn
 As yet gives but a doubtful sound
 Unto our race !

Look round, my soul, and see and say
 If those about thee understand
 Their mission here, —
 The will to smite—the power to slay—
 Abound in every heart, and hand,
 Afair and near !

But, God ! must still the Mongrel sword
 Pierce brain and heart another year?
 O, dream it not !
 It seems a false, blasphemous word
 Begot and born of coward fear—
 And ill-begot.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE recent treatise on Moral Science, by Dr. Hopkins,* from the importance of its subject and the pretentiousness of its style, demands more space for its proper examination than we have at command. It possesses a clear method, is sufficiently lucid, and has an air of dogmatism which shows the author at least to be convinced of the truth of his premises, and the legitimacy of his deductions. But at the outset the author flounders somewhat. Having assailed the systems of those who have preceded him in his field of labor, he does not state so clearly his own. He seems, however, to make obligation rest upon the end to be attained. This is in effect one of the very grounds he has already repudiated. It assumes, after all, that right is the foundation of obligation—if, indeed, it does not mingle with it the philosophy of Paley. Once having taken his position, he supports it with considerable clearness, and if he does not treat us to any bold or original ideas, at least generally takes safe and defensible ground. At times, however, he is betrayed by his associations, and possibly by partisan views, into a few absurdities. Thus, at page 174, he admits that, as in the case of children, if there be any persons or races who are unable to secure their own ends, it becomes proper to put them under guardianship; but, he adds, "before the desired application of it may be made, it must be shown that such persons are really unable to take care of themselves. There are idiots and incompetent persons who must be thus cared for, but to suppose large classes or races to be left thus without natural guardianship would be an imputation upon Providence; there are no such races." This is settling a moot question by the doctor's own *ipse dixit*—certainly a very convenient way of disposing of it. But no one assumes there

are races without natural guardianship. The natural guardians of incompetent races, as of incompetent persons, are those races or persons able to take care of themselves and the others too. It is no imputation upon Providence that a thing exists. That such races are can be shown; that they have been thus always is equally capable of demonstration, and we have no right to censure the Creator for the fact. The King of Portugal thought that, had the Almighty consulted him at the creation of the world, some absurdities would have been avoided, and Dr. Hopkins seems disposed to reason after the fashion of King Sancho. Again, at page 187, we are informed that "to take an apple in passing through an orchard is not stealing." That, however, depends upon circumstances. If we are allowed the mere right of way, and then take the apple, it is not technically theft, but if we enter and pass as a trespasser, the statutes of most States, in abrogation of the common law doctrine, differ with the doctor most decidedly. At page 269, he assumes that civil government is a divine institution, and denies the position of Jefferson, that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." He thinks this would give the people the right to withdraw their consent, as though such withdrawal were a sin. Yet, in the same paragraph, he says: "If government overstep the limit of just authority, it may be resisted." But who is to define these limits—who is to determine when resistance, which is a revocation of consent, is to begin, unless it be the people? Are we to have a special revelation, after the fashion of Joe Smith and Brigham Young? This, at once, brings about the theocratic commonwealth. Further on he tells us that "there is no government that is in fact or in form aristocratic"—a statement so grossly untrue as to need no comment. There is occasionally a cloudiness of statement—but the sense is generally clear enough. When the writer comes to consider the details of

* The Law of Love and Love as a Law; or Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical. By Mark Hopkins D. D., LL. D., President of Williams College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 16mo. pp. 342.

civil government, he gets into an inextricable labyrinth, and most especially in his chapter devoted to "suffrage," winds himself up in the most singular way. In spite of these faults, arising from the ignorance of the first principles of government which seems an indispensable accomplishment of all Presidents of Williams College, there is much in the work that is suggestive, and we commend it to the careful consideration of our readers.

Of books upon America, since the beginning, made by Captain John Smith, there has been no end, nor will there be until everything else comes to a stop. We have no doubt that when the Archangel's trumpet is blown, the sound will startle some English tourist busily noting down his queer "facts," ready to be crammed into a book for the gratification of the people within the sound of the great bell of Bow. The latest of the tribe is Mr. Dilke, whose travels in all English-speaking countries, the United States included, have been just reprinted on this side of the Atlantic.* Most of these travelers prefer to use the eyes of others rather than their own; and either from a lack of power to observe, or from a large credulity, repeat whatever may be told them, and are filled with strange notions by the malicious and waggish. In this numerous class we may place Mr. Dilke. He gives his readers things not known to the natives here. He finds that the counties of Virginia were named after "the slave-owning cavaliers;" that "the berries of this country are so large, so many, so full of juice, that alone they form a never-failing source of nourishment for an idle population;" that in New York City "there may be here and there a pagoda summer-house overhanging a canal;" that the bronze statue of Washington at Richmond was "erected jointly by all the States then in the Union;" and a great many other things that no one ever heard before. To give a mere catalogue of the errors of statements, misapprehensions of fact, and gross blunders, that jostle each other in his pages, would exhaust the space we have; while to quote them would be to reprint half of the volume. The reader who likes to

laugh as he reads, may take up the book of Mr. Dilke with a certainty of being kept constantly amused from the beginning to the end.

Another of the clever Erckmann-Chatrion novels—"The Conscript,"* has appeared, and though not so filled with striking character as its immediate predecessor, "Madame Therese," is a story of great interest and a fair degree of power. Some of the scenes are exciting enough, and the horrors of march, field and hospital—the varied incidents of camp life, and the effects of the wars of Napoleon on the morals of the people and the progress of the nation, are admirably presented. This series of fiction is evidently destined to attain great popularity.

One of the most useful, and if we consider the success with which the design of the compiler has been carried out, is the guide to the emigrant and land purchaser, which has been prepared by Mr. Goddard.† It embraces a thorough recital of all the advantages offered to the man who wishes to better his condition by moving to a new country, which are offered by States somewhat remote from commercial and manufacturing centres, or possessed of peculiar attractions for those bent on particular pursuits. The States thus brought, in the price and nature of their lands, their soil, climate, natural resources, products and characteristics, before the reader, are California, Oregon, Nevada, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, and the Territories of Washington, Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and Dakota—a range of country embracing the temperate and semi-tropical zones, and affording almost every product cultivated by man. The information given is minute and

* Greater Britain; a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. With maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 561.

* The Conscript: a Story of the French War of 1813. By M. M. Erckmann-Chatrion. Translated from the twentieth Paris edition. With eight full page illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Company. 16mo. pp. 330.

† Where to Emigrate and Why. With Maps and Illustrations. By Frederick B. Goddard. New York: Frederick B. Goddard.

interesting, and so far as we happen ourselves to be acquainted with the facts, is exceedingly trustworthy. After the States and Territories have been severally treated on, there are chapters upon the Pacific Railroad, wages of Farm Labor in all sections, How to obtain Title to Public Lands, and Routes, Fares and other facts for the emigrant. There are eighteen maps of the States and Territories noticed, besides one of the United States, small but well executed. Every person desiring to invest in any of the places named, or to emigrate, will find Mr. Goddard's work the most economical purchase possible to make.

One of the cleverest of the modern school of English novels, to whose success it is indispensable that their scene should be laid in a cathedral town, is "Nature's Nobleman."* No Bishop, nor Dean figures in its pages, and even the two curates introduced, are inconsiderable persons. If without characters that have recently become necessary in well-told stories of English life, it has those more pleasant to the American reader. Jocelyne Mayburne and her surroundings make up a charming little bit of *genre* painting; Mrs. Slydersby is an old character in a new dress; Fulke Barham is a presentable hero; and the narrative is conducted with that consummate skill which invests incidents nowise startling, and in no instance improbable, with a strong and healthy interest.

Really entertaining works for young people—books that have a sufficient bustle and great variety of incident—there are not many; and we are always glad to record an addition to the stock. In "The Cast up by the Sea,"† from the pen of Mr. Baker, the African explorer, we have one worthy of favorable notice. It is a genuine boys' and girls' book—a narrative where the narrative is the first thing, and probability the last; where we have a succession of charming mishaps and admirable adventures, each possible enough of itself, but altogether impossible in connection; where the hero is possessed of

all that courage, fortitude, skill, and fertility of invention with which the imagination of boys love to invest their hero; and where the little stay-at-home travelers can visit half the world in agreeable company, without risk of shipwreck, hurricane or battle field. The incidents are trustworthy in one respect—they are possible in the localities where they are laid, and are given with that minuteness of detail and earnestness of narrative which are the characteristics of a true tale, and to which Robinson Crusoe, and other masterpieces of fiction, owe their principal charms.

Some years since there was a book of travels written by a German—a not very unusual thing, for German travelers and explorers are common enough, and in their wanderings over the world they have added much to the general information concerning new and strange countries. This traveler, however, made the United States the place of his visit and observation, as the Duke of Saxe-Weimar had done before him. But the difference between the Duke and the other German was quite marked. His Serene Highness was only an amateur author, and did not find it necessary to spice his book by setting down anything more than he saw. The other German, being neither *herzoglich* nor *seine Durchlaucht*, felt it incumbent upon him to record what he did not see—such as a country gentleman, in a suit of black broadcloth, riding down Broadway to market, with a basket of eggs upon his arm, and an umbrella over his head; and a negro, arrayed in satin, with gloves on her hands, wearing a dainty parasol, but barefooted, parading the same street at noonday—with many other sights that were never seen. In short, as a work of travels, it was not trustworthy—but as a work of fiction it was amusing. The name of this ingenious traveler was Gerstaecker. For some years he has disappeared from the American literary world, but now we have him among us, after the manner that English bishops get from a poor to a richer see—by translation. This time he announces his work without deceit. He gives us a novel,* laying the scene on the Pampas of Chile, and paints us a charming pastoral picture, for figures in

* Nature's Nobleman. By the author of "Rachel's Secret," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8 vo. pp. 144.

† Cast Up by the Sea. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M. A.; F. R. G. S. Complete. With ten illustrations by Huard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 419.

* How a Bride Was Won; or, A Chase Across the Pampas. By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated by Francis Jordan. With illustrations by Gaston Fay. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Imp. 8 vo. pp. 274.

which he forces South American savages in breech-clouts and leggings to sit. He introduces us to a mostly kingly ruler among the wild tribes, one Jenkitruss, who makes a raid upon a hacienda, carries off the daughter of the house, makes her his last wife, and is finally killed just when he becomes too inconvenient, leaving the youngest of his widows to become the bride of a young German, who cuts a sorry figure during the whole story, being the butt of his companions and the pity of the reader. The story lacks interest; the characters are merely puppets, with the string too visible; and, as in his book devoted to dreary facts, the author was perpetually getting into fiction, so in his book of fiction he is all the time trying to mix a few dreary facts. The text seems to have communicated its dullness to the artist who illustrates it, for his designs lack their usual spirit and force. Still, the book is not without a certain merit. It would form excellent reading for one suffering under that kind of heart disease, in which the slightest degree of excitement of the patient produces fatal results.

The author of "Home Pictures of English Poets,"* in her little work introduces the younger reader to fifteen English writers of note, less as poets than as men. But her selection is not exactly representative. Swift can scarcely be called a poet at all, and when Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott and Shelley are excluded, Young and Thomson might have been omitted with propriety. Still the work of the author is done more than fairly, and although we may differ with her somewhat in regard to her estimate of personal and literary character, we are forced to admit that her purpose is honest, and that her book will entertain if not instruct many readers.

* Home Pictures of English Poets for Fireside and School Room. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 291.

The origin and growth of that rich but incongruous collection of words, known as the English language, is a very proper subject for the consideration of many millions in both hemispheres who speak it; and of late years Englishmen and Americans are beginning to discover that the systematic study of their mother tongue is by no means an idle pursuit. Hitherto, however, books on the subject have been by the learned to the learned. There has been no text book for beginners, none at least that showed in a plain and pleasant way the progress of English, from the middle of the fourteenth century, when it became a distinct language, down to the present time. Mr. Day, in a recent work, announced as introductory to the study of English literature,* has supplied the want very fairly—the book being an exhibit of the growth of the language from the time it took a definite shape. This is done by means of quotations, commencing with the translations of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, the Wyckliffe, Tyndale, Geneva and King James' version being placed in parallel columns, and concluding with a part of that most tedious of all modern metrical compositions—"Hiawatha." To these are appended annotations that are sufficiently full, and, so far as we have examined, correct. The writers selected to show the advance in elegance and copiousness of our written speech, after the translators, are in the order in which they are named—Robert Langland, Mandeville, Chaucer, Spenser, Hooker, Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, Pope, Cowper, Tennyson and Longfellow—a very fair selection. This is followed by a brief essay on the peculiarities of the language, which is quite entertaining and full, and the history of the literature, which is rather dry and meagre.

* An Introduction to the Study of English Literature. By Henry N. Day. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 539.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—We have received from the London publishers (Jackson, Walford & Hodder,) Rev. John Kirk's late book in answer to some of the geological arguments in Sir Charles Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*. The work evinces great research, and is written in a spirit free from the dogmatism and insolence usually found in controversial books written by clergymen. But how could Professor Kirk raise an objection to Sir Charles Lyell, based upon what was so evidently a typographical error in his work, where it is affirmed that certain peat formations are "*submarine*, or of fresh water origin?" In the second and third editions of Lyell's work, the word "*submaine*" is corrected to *supra-marine*, which the context shows plainly enough was the meaning in the first edition. Sir Charles is, however, a careless writer, and his reviewer has often caught him tripping, without, as we think, making much headway against the general soundness of his geological conclusions. Lyell has woven into his work some strange misstatements in relation to the negro population of the southern States, which only goes to show that he was liable to be imposed upon by the testimony of interested or untruthful persons. But these are slight things to bring against the author of the "*Antiquity of Man*," although this particular work is undoubtedly full of errors and false reasoning.

—We have before us a published lecture by a gentleman who has been sometimes called (by the Bostonians of course) "the American Critic," in which we learn that "one of the most original comedies ever written was Coleman's '*English Merchant*.'" But, unfortunately for our "*American Critic*," Coleman's "*English Merchant*" was a translation of a French comedy, written by Voltaire, entitled "*Scotchwoman*." True, it may be considered

as an original thing for a man to do to turn a *Scotchwoman* into an *English Merchant*, although we have plenty of *American merchants* who might be passed off for women without much translation. Voltaire's *Scotchwoman* was not intended by him for the stage, but it was nevertheless put upon the stage with great success. The great wit amused himself in composing it to chastise the shallow and abusive Freron, whom he sufficiently mortified, but failed to correct.

—An Edinburgh editor has espoused the cause of Pindar, "as the most musical of all the Greek poets." We shall not deny that Pindar had great music, but he sometimes made shocking sacrifices in the pursuit of music. For instance, what are we to say to the following :

*Amphi te La-
toida.*

The son of La-
tona.

Pindar often cuts his words in two after this fashion. The odes of Anacreon were sung, and yet he never resorts to such an absurd medley. But it is a bold thing to find fault with Pindar.

—What nonsense is written in even some of the best of our modern books? In a learned, and, in some respects, valuable, work just published in London (*The Age of Man*, in its bearings on the Truths of the Bible), we find such a paragraph as this : "Those immense regions of Central Africa that have been partially visited by such men as Livingstone, Speke, Du Chaillu, and their compeers in discovery, have as yet no proper history, any more than the Britons had when the Roman legions invaded their shores." Now, a learned English Professor of Theology ought to be ashamed to compare the early Britons with the tribes of Central Africa. When the

Romans invaded England, the Britons were found to be in many respects more advanced in intellectual culture than the Romans who conquered them. Cæsar testifies that they had their colleges, in which astronomy, geography, philosophy, poetry, eloquence and theology were taught. And they had temples which rivaled in extent and grandeur the stupendous monuments of Egypt. But the writer of the book we refer to speaks of Livingstone, Speke, &c., as though they were the first explorers of Africa; when, eight hundred years before the Christian era, the Carthaginians penetrated these dark regions, as the Romans did at a little later date. And every century since, there has been an uninterrupted stream of explorations of Africa going on by all the nations of Asia and Europe. But these tribes are the same now that they were three or four thousand years ago, without any of the characteristics which belong to the white race. All history and all theology are bedeviled with the absurd idea that these negroes are the same species of man as the white race. Until this baseless notion is thoroughly worked out of all men's minds, our literature, science and theology will be crucified with barbaric confusions. There is no more comparison between the old North Britons and the tribes of Central Africa than between the mud-turtle and the horse. The English Professor of Theology who imagines that his North British ancestors were barbarians, in any African sense of that word, is a sad ignoramus at best. But our histories and our school books are all full of it. The most of our Professors might, without stretching the truth much, be dubbed Professors of Ignorance and Delusions!

—A western politician, who has been to Washington, thinks Mr. Seward is failing in his intellect, indeed says, "he is far gone." But not, unfortunately, *so far* as we could wish. We could well spare his presence on this continent for the next thousand years.

—A clergyman, who is in the habit of lecturing a great deal before literary societies, is telling those who listen to him, that "this is a progressive age, progressive in the science of government, in arts, sciences and poetry." Such laudation of our times is popular, because it flatters our self-

love, but a little information on the subject would teach the lecturer that there were in Greece alone, five hundred years before the Christian era, fifty poets, any one of whom was greater than any poet living in this "progressive age." The only two languages ever invented which could lay claim to real harmony are long since dead. In the Greek and Latin alone we find a versification which can boast of a genuine poetical measure—a certain *rhythmus* or real mixture of *dactyls* and *spondees*, and of quantity in the syllables. So the very languages of poetry are dead. Don't talk about this being a "progressive age" in poetry, nor in philosophy. In mechanic arts it is progressive—in the *physical manhood* it is progressive, but not in the intellectual and moral. Plato alone would weigh down all the philosophers now living, as Demosthenes would all the orators. We have progressed mightily in the art of swift traveling, &c.; but in the art of *thinking*—in the proud *intellecion* of humanity, we are far behind the great names of antiquity. Weighed in the stilyards of the Almighty, all ages are equal. If our age is magnified greatly in some particulars, it is pared down in others, so that God preserves His sublime character of being no "respector of ages," any more than that of "persons." If the world is perpetually acquiring new arts, it is also losing old ones. It has never gone ahead in one direction without receding in another. The tide of ages never tumbles so far ahead at the top that it does not go just as far back at the bottom. If our steamboats and railroads have brought us on a long journey far ahead of other ages, they have left behind the ages of great philosophers, great poets, and the very languages of poetry. Of all vanities, this one of what is, in the language of shallowness, called "progress," is the greatest. It is enough to make the gods laugh to see so many hundred thousand human roosters crowing upon their own little dunghills, in ignorance of the mountains on which other similar creatures have flourished ages ago.

—A London paper praises Mr. Sumner as "a gentleman of great *taste*." Yes, we sat at the same table with him at Morley's Hotel, in London, and we thought he had a prodigious *appetite*, especially for a man

who was traveling abroad for his health. How singularly applicable to him were the words of the Pythagorean, Empedocles?—

"Man yields unto the rage of appetite,
Heaven's exile, straying from the orb of light."

If Mr. Sumner was not quite as much as that, he was the next thing to it—for he was Massachusetts' exile, straying from a certain gutta-percha cane, which foolishly attempted to beat a moiety of good manners into his cranium.

—We wish that the Anthropological Society of London would send some missionaries from its learned body to enlighten the heathen of the Congress of the United States. In a late meeting of the Society, the Rev. Dunbar Heath said: "We should study savages to enable us to gain a knowledge of the science of man, for there are differences in their brains, hearts and nervous systems." At the same meeting Dr. Collyer said: "The brains of negroes and those of white men are very different in texture as well as in anatomical structure." If these distinguished men of science could only induce our Congressmen to study or dissect the negro, instead of swallowing him whole at one gulp, they would perform a most Christian service for the people of the United States.

—A colored "pussor," dubbed Professor Allen," has delivered a lecture in London on the "Negro Race," in which he pitched into some of the scientific societies of London, declaring the ideas they had put forth in relation to the different species of men as "foolish, not to say blasphemous theories." The lecture was well attended, and the saucy darkey's assaults upon scientific men were loudly applauded. Is it not comforting to our self-respect to know that all the fools now in the world do not live in the United States?

—In a paper lately sent to the Anthropological Society of London, by Mr. Charlesworth, and published in the journal of the Society, we find the following paragraph: "The Saxon, having civilized the red man off the soil of their forefathers, and cleared out Tasmania, is now busy destroying the Australian, New Zealander, and Caffir." Now, this is a hopeful sign, that the scientific men of Europe are beginning to understand the fact that what is called "*civilization*" belongs only

to the white species of man. Civilizing any other species means exterminating them. The word civilization, as applied to the negroes of the Southern States, could mean no more than that they were *restrained* from their native and natural barbarism by the coercive power of the white man. And in the same ratio that the white man's guardianship and power are relaxed do they relapse into their natural barbarism. This fact is already perfectly understood by the man of science; but it will be yet some time before the politician will get hold of it. And in the meantime, we must flounder about in a labyrinth of fatal blunders. In all America there are but two journals (*THE OLD GUARD* and *Day-Book*) which have the slightest conception of this—the greatest of all questions which concern the well-being of our country.

—Dr. J. W. Wood, an English gentleman, who has resided twenty-five years in the South, in a paper recently read before one of the scientific Societies of London, declares that when he first went to Tennessee, in 1844, he found the people profoundly impressed with the idea that, if the negroes were emancipated, "they would become a lot of worthless people; a mass of criminals; a clog to all progress; a regular tax upon the State. The result at the present day is a convincing proof of their statesmanship, foresight, and knowledge of the negro's character, for the United States Government has had to supply nearly three millions of starving people with something to eat." This ugly fact thus plainly stated by a gentleman of science, before one of the most popular scientific Societies of Europe, cannot fail to open the eyes of men of intelligence and character to the enormous crime and curse of "emancipation."

—A Washington letter-writer makes Gen. Grant declare his contempt of the militia system of public defence, and said "no militia was ever a match for a regular or standing army." But the militias of Epaminondas, Cromwell, and Washington beat the professional or regular soldiers opposed to them. We could pick out plenty of such examples from history, if it were worth while. It is a great mistake to imagine that a free and virtuous people have any use for a standing army. A free

people never allowed of such an engine of despotism.

— A Boston critic thinks that "no drama or tragedy can ever be successful without an engaging love-plot." The remark has been made, we suppose, a hundred thousand times. But four of the most popular plays of Voltaire, *Orestes*, *Rome Preserved*, *Merope*, and *The Death of Cæsar*, possessed no vestige of a love affair. It was the aim of this author to purge the stage of everything which was not capable of producing the emotions proper to tragedy. To a mind of his exquisite taste and finish, Electra in love was a monster dressed in dirty ribbons. When his *Merope* was produced in Paris it electrified the city, even without love in it, though there came near to something like a love affair growing out of it. Voltaire himself gives the following description of its triumph, in which he gallantly attributes its great success to the skill of an actress: "The piece is not mine; it is Mademoiselle Dumenil's. What do you think of an actress that left the audience in tears through three successive acts? The public have run into the little mistake of giving me credit for a part of the extreme pleasure given them by the actors. The success was so great that the pit, with loud shouts, insisted upon seeing me. I was seized in the hiding place where I had squatted for shelter, and brought by force into the box of Marshal Villars' lady, who was there with her daughter-in-law. The pit was mad; they called out for the Duchesse de Villars to kiss me; and they made so much noise that she was obliged to comply by order of her mother-in-law. Thus I have been kissed in public, as was Alain Chartier by the Princess Margaret of Scotland; but he was asleep, and I was wide awake. This tide of popular favor has a little consoled me for the petty persecution I have sustained from the old Bishop of Mirepoix."

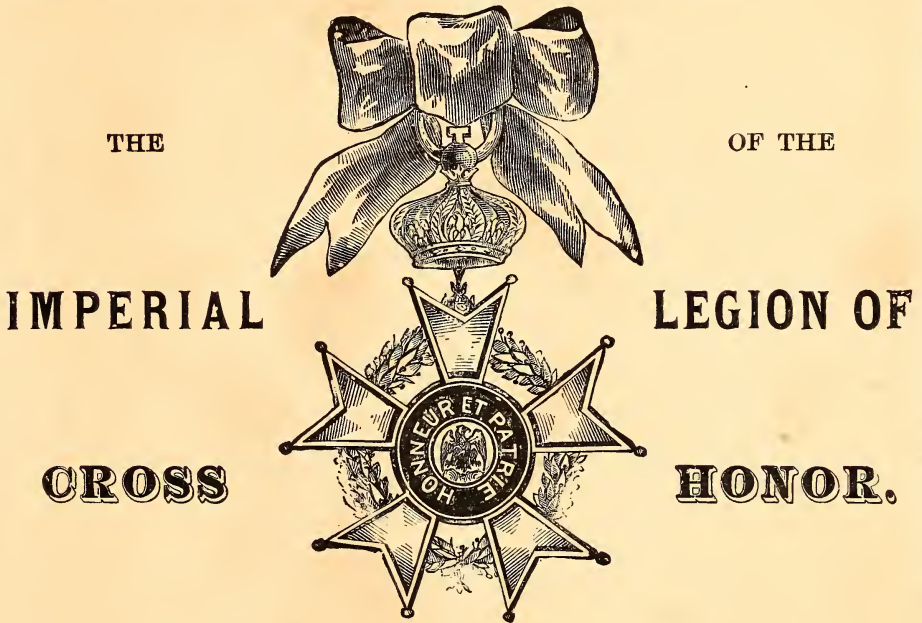
— A correspondent asks: "Can you not give us some word which signifies the science of the brain besides this spoiled, humbugged word '*phrenology*'?" There is already such a word not uncommon in

scientific books, which is *encephalology*, and means precisely the *science of the brain*. Phrenology properly means the *science of the mind*; but it is now almost universally debauched to signify *crainiology*, or *bumpology*, and has generally ceased to be used by scholars, except in its empirical sense. The absolute impossibility of determining the quality of the mind by feeling of the surface of the skull is well known to every comparative anatomist and scientific anthropologist. In the first place, it is not possible to determine the *size* of the brain by measuring the surface of the skull, as some skulls are much thicker than others. And then it is now fully demonstrated that the degree of mentality does not depend so much on the *size* as the quality and complexity of the convolutions of the brain. It is in the multiplicity of the convolutions that the brain of man differs most from that of the ape. The same difference exists between the brain of the negro and white man. While the negro's brain has a greater number of convolutions than the ape's, it has less than the white man's. But these differences are not indicated by the surface of the cranium, as many other conditions and qualities of the brain, on which mentality depends, are not. The *bumps* on the surface of the skull are generally only *osseous* in their character, there being no cavities on the inner surface corresponding with the protuberances on the outer. This fact effectually disposes of the pretensions of empirical phrenology, and shows a hundred thousand fools how easily they have "parted with their money."

— The very able article in this number of THE OLD GUARD, on "The Ethnology of the Bible," is from the pen of R. A. Watkinson, Esq., one of the best Oriental scholars in America, and it will, we are sure, produce a profound impression among learned theologians and men of science in this country and Europe. Whether they agree with the learned author or not in all his conclusions, it will be conceded that he throws a new and remarkable light upon a subject which has more embarrassed scholars than almost any other.

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